THE FIRSTE part of Churchyardes Chippes contayninge Twelue seuerall Labours.

Deuised and published onlye by Thomas Churchyard Gentleman.

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IMPRINTED AT London in Fletstrete *neare vnto Sainct Dunstones Churche, by Thomas* MARSHE.

1578.

Cum priuilegio

Phot. of HEH 56417

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TO THE RIGHT worshipful his tried and worthy friend, Mayster Chrystopher Hatton Esquyer, Captayne of the Queenes Maiesties Garde, and Gentleman of her highnesse priuy Chamber.

THe longe likynge and good wyll wyth the fast Friendshyp I fynde in you (good Mayster Hatton) procures my Penne presenthye to performe that I promysed, no smal time since, touchyng a booke of al my English verses in miter. The offer whereof came from my selfe, not for the goodnes of the matter, but for the perfectnes of ỹ person to whome I mẽtto dedicate my woorke. And albeit your valour may not bee seene in so simple a glas: yet I hope this my workes shall not hinder your deserued renowne, nor breed occasion to mislike my vnbridled boldnes. And for that from my head, hand and penne, can floe no farre fatched eloquence, nor sweete sprynkynge speaches (seasoned with spyced termes) I call my workes Churchyardes Chyps, the basenes whereof can beguild noman with better opinion, than the sub-

stance it self doth import, and in dede if any other title had bene geuen to my tryfles, than the proper name of chips, men might haue hoped for grauer matter then the nature of my verses can produce. Wherefore I prepared a title answerable to the weight of the worke, misdoubting not but that you will of curtesie behold what blaes of good will these my Chips will vtter to the worlde. Assuring my selfe and my friends, that herein is no kinde of sparke, neither hurtful nor vncomly. But as the world may iudge, among many chips may be sundry woodes, so the worst of them all makes but a crack, consumes with the coales, and turneth vnto sinders. What fier can bee made where neither smoke can be seene, nor hissing of stickes may bee hard? And yet those two properties agree in ỹ end to one flame, effect and purpose. I write of seuerall thinges, whose sundry foundations might lead mee to diuers subiectes, but each of them in deede serueth to one mans cogitation and duetiful dealinge towards God and my countrey. And none of them hath any humour or disease, but such as eury body may broke, disgeste, and embrace, (bearyng anye grayne of fauour to the wrytter) which I hope makes the readier passage to that which I caused to bee

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

to be Pri[illegible]ted. My firſt booke hath but few things in it, but ſutch varietie of matter as ſhal breede to the Reader rather pleaſure than painfulnes. And the ſecond ſhal contain a number of things I truſt of no leſſe paſtime & commodity, waying mirrely the meaning of my Imaginacions. Thus making my choice of a ſufficient patron, for a farre better woorke than my cunning can performe, (and creping vnder the target of your protection) I weery you no further in reading of this my plain Epiſtle committing to the Almighty, your worſhip, good name, and moſt deſired Felicity, with increace of wiſhed fortune.

Yours in all at commaundement

Thomas Churchyard Gentleman.

To the diſpiſers of other mens *workes that ſhewes nothing of their owne.*

IF well you iudge of my good will,
you yeld me my deſerts
If that with frowns and ſcorneful lookes
you ſhoe your hollowh earts.

(And by diſdaine diſgrace his Verſe,
that doth the beſt he can:)
You do not wel to hinder ſo,
the workes of any man.

For loke what meaſure you do mete
the ſame yee ſhall receaue
VVhen from the lome of your deuice,
like webbe of cloth you weaue.

But if you lead an idle life.
and father neare a childe:
You are as bad as bar a n ground,
and ſo the world beguild,

The loker on of table play
finds many faelts in deede:
(And with conceiptes of this and that,
he doth his fancie feede.)

But bid him play a game himſelfe.
and then perhaps he will:
Mis ſome good pointe by ouerſight
and loſe his money ſtill.

A man that builds a prety houſe,
in ſweete and holſome ayre

(VVith

(VVith goodly rowms and choyce of place,
and windows large and fayre.)

Shall heere his neighbour ſtreight diſprayes,
the ſeate and eke the frame:
Yet he that prates wants wealth and wit,
and cannot mend the ſame.

VVhat needes more words to waſt my wind.
about theſe buſie brains:
That povvlts and ſwels at others toyles,
and take themſelues no pains.

The beſt is though ſmal goodnes be,
in theſe bare chips of mine:
My hatchet hewd them all in deede,
vvhere they be groſſe or fine.

And whan that theſe haue made a blaſe,
and bin in world a while,
A bigger baſket will I bring,
to make you worldlings ſmile.

And whether theſe you like or noe,
the reſt are neare the ſtamp:
VVhich if you pleaſe to fling in fire,
will burne as cleare as lamp.

Thus farewel friends or flyring foes,
I know not how to fawne:
I mean to ſee you once agayn,
ſo leaue my booke for pawne.

Adue.

THE SIEGE OF Leeth, more aptlie called the ſchole of warre, (the Lord Gray of Wilton Generall thereof) in the ſecond yeare of the raigne of our Soueraygne Lady Queene Elyzabeth. Anno. 1560.

AS Marche did ende, ſo Mars began his raygne,
Whoſe men I ſaw to bluddy warres were bente
From Barwick wals, they marched thzough the playne
With Banner ſplaide, with carriage haell, and tente,
All fitte foz warres, to Leeth this Army wente,
And as I know, the number was ſo ſmall,
Sixe Thouſande, and fiue hundzeth men were all.

And moſt of thoſe, not trayned foz the Field
Moze rawe then rype, vnready out of vſe:
And ſome men ſay, ech Leader was not ſkild,
But what of that? I wzite not of abuſe
If faultes there were, I ought to make excuſe:
Firſt do wee creepe, and after learne to go,
All bitts not white, that ſhooteth in the bow.

Amonge theeſe men, were Souldiours of ech ſozte
Both old and ponge, what ſhould there moze bee ſayde:
And ſome that ſought, to get a good repozt
To haunt the Warres, did holde them well apayde:
Of Cannon ſhotte, they ſeldome ſtoode afrayde
They knew the crake, and hozlinge in the eare
Was halfe the harme, and moſt of all the feare.

Scotchmen declarde, they had a debt to pay,
And still they wisht, in Countreyes cause to dye,
They prayde that man, that serude his Prince a day
They were a feare vnto the enmyes eye,
They beautifyed, theyr bands with bryuery:
They bare the blowes, and brought the ponglinges on,
And gaue the charge, when others lookt vppon.

As erst I saide, this Campe so furnisht out
Lord Gray the chiefe, Lord Skrope the Marshall than
Of Knightes, and Squires, if heere I went about
To show their names, as if I list I can,
Time should I loose, and weary many a man
To read their stiles, wherefore pour leave I craue
To write such thinges, as in my head I haue.

The maner thus, before Dumbar they past
Where Issued out, the French a silly band
On horse and foote, and not requiringe fast
To take mee thought, the skirmishinge in hand:
And thus a while, both parties still did stand,
Till cankred hate, had kindled malice newe,
And badde our men, in field their Foes pursewe.

A Skirmishe at Dumbar.

But in the ende, a fewe were hurt, or slaine
They driuen in, and none that Skirmishe would,
The Campe marcht through, and did no while remayne
Before Dumbar, the troth thereof is tould:
The rest my penne, shall soone to you vnfould
So that you do, my Tale in order marke
And as you ought, geue credit to my warke

At length

At length in ſight of Leeth our army preaſt
I had forgot, how they the Scots Lords met
Who brought with them, two Thouſand men at leaſt
Few more I geſſe, that were in ouer ſet
But ſtill in hope, a greater power to get
They put vs in, So thus wee ſoynde in on
I may not longe, this matter reſt vppon.

But as I ſayd, when ſight of Leeth wee had
Like as the Boare, his briſtels ginnes to ſhake
When hee is chafte, and fares as hee were mad:
Or as the Wolfe, that newly is awake
In fury runnes, the ſilly ſheepe to take
So did our men, the French full faſt purſue
Where ſoone was ſeene, the Warres began a new.

They had no minde, on peace proclaimde in Cheape
The leage was broake, they thought in London ſtreete
Out goes the Pikes, the Soulsiours ranne in heape
The Scabberds falls, and forth was drawen the Blade
Some ſhotes a pace, the others chardge, and Lance
But ere the heate, of this great Skirmiſhe grew
The Dowager, with Trumpet tooke a trew.

This ſtay of Warre, made many men to muſe
How bee it was, deuiſed of theyr Queene
Some ſay by craft, our Captaines to abuſe
And ſo it prouue, none other as I weene:
For heere and there, the Frenchmen lay vnſeene
As though were ment, no harme on either ſide
As fire lyes hid, vntill the ſmoake bee ſpide.

Our Campe came on, and sought their Tentes to pitch
The Frenche drewe neare, to view our maner throw
Whereat Lord Gray, was discontented mitch
And sent them word, they should retyre them now:
Wherefore (q they,) wee vnderstand not how
Wee should geue place, or any way bee bounde
To part from hence, and leaue our Maisters grounde.

Vnder the pretence of peace they shotte in our Faces.

Yees (q my Lord) were not for promise sake
Of Truce a while, wee should not reason longe:
Full stoutly than, the French in braury spake
Do what you dare, wee will not take a wronge
Wherewith in haste, they sange vs such a songe
With Curriar shotte, that had not hap bin good,
They had soone shed, some of our worthist blood.

ane mã slaine the first.

For as our cheefe, and Leaders of the Field
In daunger stoode, vnder the league wee had,
They vsed such Warres, as had bin seene but sield
Full in our Face, they shotte as thy were mad:
A tricke of Fraunce, a bluddy parte to bad
But as God wouloe, the skath they did was smale
It was but one, on whom the harme did fale.

Our rage was great, our bloudes began to rise
Our stomackes stoode, as wee did this beholde,
Through out the Campe, the noyes ran to the Skies
At Brute whereof, the coward waxed bold
The valiaunte man, had courage doubble sold
So that a lowde, a charge, a charge, they cride
They taried not, and looked for a guide.

But

But as by chance ech one his marrow mette
They ſkirmiſhed, as thicke as bees they ſwarme:
Some loſt their liues, and paied the earth his dette,
Some were ſore hurt, and had no further harme.
I you aſſure, this ſkirmiſh was ſo warm e
That as the bailles commes down like rayny teares
The curriar ſhotte, did ring about our eares.

If Barwick bandes had abſent ben that day
A preſent plague, was like on vs to lyght,
Uppon our foes they ranne and ledde the way,
And ſtil they put, the French perforce to flight.
But yet I prayſe ſome other men of right
That ſerud full wel whoſe names If I ſhould ſhow
Some here might ſay, the men we do not know.

A further cauſe that ſtayd my pen herein,
All haue not fame that worthy are therfore:
Some gets great thākes that ſeeld in wars hath bene:
Some ſerue ſo longe their names ars cleane out wore:
Some haue ill frendes, ill hap and that is more:
So that their actes lye dead and little worth,
For that no man their deedes dare wel ſet forth.

All haue not fame that do vvell.

Ileaue this caſe and to my matter cumme,
That day was hot, and hard for to indure,
The ſhot was ſuch, ther could no ſound of drumme
Be eaſly heard the tyme I you aſſure
On both the ſydes they put their foe in vre:
And if I ſhal not lye for fauours ſake,
The Frenche, that whyle ſerud wel I vndertake.

Ful wiſe and ware, they were in al their wayes
And valiantly they did themſelues defende.
But as I do, their ſkil and manhode prayſe,
So here I muſt, their boldnes diſcommend
For had we ſene what happed in the ende
Or knowne the ground, as reaſon did require
We had ful ſoone, compeld them to retyre.

Retyre good lord, ſo wel it had not bin
They had bin ſlayne or taken euery man:
But who can tel, who ſhal the victry win
When men do meete, no more we knew not then
Until in deede the heate of this began
Where lay their rewen, wher our good fortune was:
For battailes are as brittle as the glas.

Now conqueſt ſeemes, that ouerthrowes appeares
Now ſeemes it good, that after proues ſtarke nought:
Now is hee free, that happeth in the briares
Now men deuyſe, now all is out of thought:
Now much is ſpoke, and little thinges are wrought,
This is the courſe and cuſtome of the warre
Wher wiſdome bidides, no man to go to farre

The ſoth to ſhew, if men before had knowen
What aduantage great, to vs that day was due
We had in deede, the Frenchmen ouerthrowen
With little loſſe: and yet I ſay to you
It happed well, as forth then matter grue:
Our horſemen came, and gaue a charge ful wel,
In whom then lay, the ſeruice euery del.

Their

Their names that charge, I thinke vnfyt to wright
Who ſerueth wel, at length muſt neces haue fame
Let no man think, their deedes be buried quight
Although not here, the perſons do I name.
I nil for that, my worke put out of frame.
To them I leaue, at large for to diſcloſe
That after ſhal this iourney wryte in proſe.

Sir harry Kniuet hurt manfully at the charge

Right hot awhyle, the enmyes ſhot endured,
But ſone was coeld the terrour of the ſame
The horſemens force, in fyne the French procured
For to retyre, nay runne away with ſhame:
But yet I may, not much theyr doynges blame
In order ſtil, their battel ſtoode me ſemde
Fyue hundreth Pykes, they were as wee eſtemde.

But what ſhould more be ſayde they ſhronke aſyde
And to their towne, they trotted as they might:
But euery band had not with him his gyde
They bode the brunt, on them the bloes did light.
And as I harde and ſaw there compted right
Twelue men of name were ſlayne, & priſonners fiue,
We tooke that day, and brought away alyue.

Of common ſort of ſouldiers good and bad
Ful ſeuen ſcore of them we put to ſacke,
And ſome ſore hurt, into their towne they lad:
Of ours in dede, a very few did lacke
Some hurt ſome ſlayn, our enemyes put a backe
And as indede, the manner is of ſortes
The Towne ſeyng this, againſt them ſhut their portes.

Wee hard therof, when al this broyle was donne
But who could ſay, he ſaw the ſame the whyle,
Each man can talke when that a thing is wonne
And with conceits, his fancy oft begyle,
Runne throw the hedge and after leape the ſtyle
This ſhould be done our after wittes can ſay,
But few at firſt, findes out the ready way.

Wel let that paſſe, we drew vs to our reſt
And euery man, made myth as cauſe he found,
This bickring duerd, foure houres and more at leſt.
Men wilbe glad when Trumpe retrait doth ſounde,
That weary are in traueſing the ground:
So doubt I not, it did both partyes pleaſe
When they had founde a tyme to take their eaſe.

In ſhot of Leeth, within Laſtaricke than
We pitcht our campe, where canons cabins brake
And oft by chaunce, it kild a horſe or man,
But no man would the campe therfore forſake:
Sutch tennis balles did kepe our men awake,
And quicken thoſe that were dul ſpirited ſoules,
And made ſome lads to digge them depe in holes.

To ſane the ward from harme of enmyes ſhot
Ful many a trenche did Pellam cauſe be wrought
Loke what was meete there was few thinges forgot
Our power ſo ſmale, by euery way we ſought
To kepe the ſame: but that auailed nought,
Some were ſo rude they ran their death to ſeeke
So thus decreaſt, our number euery weeke.

A Biſhop

A Biſhop came from Fraunce to treat a peace
Much talke there was, which tyme conſumed ſtill,
But all this whyle the wars did nothing ſeace,
To hurt our foes, we neuer wanted will:
At length vppon a rocke, a craggy hill
We plaſt a pece, and in a trench beloo
Was other ſtoze of ſmaller ſhot alſo.

The biſhop of Valence.

Forget not here the weather on the Seas
Would not permit, the canons foz to lande
The longer here we laye to our diſeaſe,
Foz lacke therof, which few do vnderſtand:
I would demaunde how we ſhould take in hande
To lay a ſiege, oz els our campe remoue
When moſt thinges lackt, that was foz our behoue

Among our men, might Scottiſh bitlers haunt
Who with the French a treaſon tooke in hande
A wyfe, a queane, did make the French a graunt
Upon this rocke in ſight of Leeth to ſtand:
And there to make a ſigne to Dozis hand,
When that the ward wer careles and at reſt
Which ſhe did kepe, her ſelfe the ſame confeſt.

The vvoman vvas duckt in vvater.

The french came on as they thus warned were
Lyke men of warre they choſe their tyme ful well,
Our men ſtart vp amaſde with ſodayn feare
But what was beſt to do they could not tell
Some louing fame, his lyfe did dearly ſell
Some hating death, did ſone from daunger ſhonne
Some paſt all ſhame, ful faſt away did runne

The bloudye monday.

Some

Some made defence, but ſtil they ſtroue in vayne
Once order broke, farewel the fight that bowre
So in this heate was many a ſouldier ſlayne
There was no helpe they were oreſayd with powre
Thus haue you hard how fortune gan to lowre
Vppon our men, the chaunce of warre is ſuche.
A man may not, at no tyme truſt it muche

But at this tyde, ful many a one was there
Deſerued prayſe, that are vntouch for mee
And moſt of thoſe that did them ſtoutly bere
Were mangled than, mine eies the ſame did ſee
But for they are of meane and baſe degree
I leaue them out, it is ſufficient here
If in the boke of Fame their names appere.

Ye know when that the waſpe within his neſt
Is ſturd with ſticke or any other thing
Aſſone as he is troubled from his reſt
He crepeth forth, and ſharply vnder wyng,
He ſeeketh place for to beſtowe his ſtinge:
So lo our campe that erſt in quiet lay
At noyes of this began a feareful fraye

Sir Iames a Croftsled, the ſouldiours on their enemies.

Now ran they forth and forward cryde they all
The drummes did ſound, the ſouldiers made great ſpede
Vnto the trench, the Larum was not ſmal
But al to late, the help did come in deede
The captaynes ſtill, their men with hope did feede
And bade them march, the day is ours quoth they,
At ſight of whom, the French retyrd away.

Greate

Great terroꝛ made, the curriers in our face
Some ſlaughter too by that to vs aroſe
But yet in ſpyte, the foe foꝛſoke the place
And ſtraight to Leeth, in haſt the enmy goſe
Apyde quoth we, ye part not without blowes
Upon them roſe, the boldeſt men we had,
Al had not charge, that day the way that lad

The lord Gray that nowv is vvas ſore hurt at a valiant charge he gaue

Undoutedly the ſouldiers ſemd the wold
In ſonder tyue, the rampyze with their handꝭ
And pluckt them by the eares out of theyꝛ hold
But as it was they flew vpon the ſandes
And left ſoꝛe hurt and grouinge one the landes
I iudge at leaſt, as many men kil out
Oꝛ moꝛe then we had loſt haue ye no doubt

A bande of men, by this tyme to our ayde
At Muſſelbrough, were come vnarmd I geſſe
Of whiche reliefe we held vs wel apayed
The enmyes ſtoꝛe therby became the leſſe
This done al things were put in readynes
Foꝛ to diſmount, ſuch peces as we ſaw
Upon a church, that kept our campe in awe.

A battery ſmal, agaynſt the ſame was ſet
In halfe a daye, down fel therof the chefe
Than foꝛ the ſiege, we found not ſo much let
Our ſkirmiſhers, retyred with les griefe
Our men might come moꝛe eaſely to reliefe.
But marke this wel, ſuch ſkirmiſhing I ſay
I neuer ſaw, noꝛ hard of ere this Day

The mountiug larke no ſooner in the ſkye
Then we were forth: the Freuchmen wer ſo braue
Ne night nor day they would not let vs lye
In reſt, for ſtil they did the ſkyrmiſh craue
And they in holes themſelues could finely ſaue
To cauſe great ſhot to play vppon the walles
As though that we wer made vnto their calles

Raſhnes of ſo uldiours running out voyd of conduit, loſeth all manye tymes.

And this they vſde ful oft and to our harm
Until a ſtay our leaders tooke therin
Before in field raw men ſo thicke would ſwarme
That long we ſemde more like to loſe then winne
By raſhnes rude of ſuch as had not byn
In warres before, but yet with exercyſe
A white cote did become both ware and wyſe.

And ſerud as wel, as any ſouldiour might
With bow and bil ſuch weapons as we vſe
And oft therwith they put the French to fligbt
What maruayle not, you know this is no newes:
The bowe hath oft made them the field refuſe
The bow is feard as farre as flyes our fame,
And Bowes I weene wan Engliſh men the name

Our enemyes ſtyl to ſkyrmiſh vs procurd
And gald our beſt and oldeſt ſouldiers ſore
I tel you troth, the beate of this enduerd
Ful long, wherby our men away we wore.
But God be thankt the Frenchmens loſſe were more
For ſtil they ſpent vpon the ſtocke ye knoe
When we without, had me ane to come by moe.

By

By deepe foreſight, a Mounte there was deuiſde
Which bare the name of Pellam for the ſpace
I haue forgot, how Frenchmen cam diſgiſde
In Womens weedes, like queanes with muffled Face
They did no acte, but ſoone they tooke the chace
I let that paſſe, and of the Mounte I treate
Where to bee playne, the ſeruice was full greate.

The Captayne there, one Cutbert Vaughan was
And toynd with him, there were a number mo
This mounte thus made, the Campe away did paſſe
More neere the Towne, how mutch I neede not ſhoo
This Mounte to Leeth, was ſtill a dayly foo
The Peeces there, a longe the rampere ſhot
Some harme they did, but what full fewe men wot.

Syr Andrewe Corbet was heere, & other Gentlemen.

Upon the Sandes, they could no Cockells ſeeke
But that this force, might eaſely them anoy
Some deerely bought, their Muſkels eury Weeke
Some ſacrifiſce, their horſe to ſweete Saynct Loy
Some in their heads did take ſo mad a Toy,
They neuer ſpake a Word, ne good, nor ill
Some learnde to feele, the weight of our blacke Bill.

A bande of horſe, there were to warde that Forte
Which eury day, did ſerue full worthely
With whom the French, ſometimes for chaung of Sporte
Would meete, and ſo the matter would they try:
The French full oft, I cannot this deny,
Made Sallies forth, as tryme as men might do,
And ſo went home, with blud and honor to.

But

But commonly, in deede, the worst they gate
Yet still they brau'de, and bare their fortune out
Their warlike shiftes, they were of such a traed
My penne shall but, eclips them out of doute,
To paynte them right, but since I go aboute
To prayse them thus, I will proceede for shame
And let them haue, their owne deserued Fame.

policy the preseruer of all gouernmentes.

First all they did, was drawen by orders skill
And seld they past the boundes of reasons lore
By poynte deuise, they skirmished at will:
That wee perceiu'de, they practised no more
That wee feard not, and had not seene before
They put in vse, thus still their heads they bende
To purchase prayse, and eke the towne defende.

Great neede they had, themselues to vse full well
For all their liues, vpon this matter lay
What should I more, vpon this matter dwell
To tier your eares, and waste the time away
There was no side, stoode idle halfe the day
But on both partes, for seruice drifte were founde
And euery howre, wee draue them from their grounde.

Maister Pellam Lieutenaũt of the ordinaũce.

At Pellams mounte, by foote, and horsemen both
This trade full longe, did there the Souldiours keepe
Whose payne was mutch, and sore I tell you troth
For at no time, in quiet could they sleepe
And specialy, when day began to peepe
The shot went of, then Souldiours to their toyle
And as hap drewe, they did abide the spoyle.

I nowe

I nowe returne, vnto our Campe a whyle
That lay where ſhot, did dayly them ſalute
And where the French, with many a warlike wyle
Did ſhowe our men, of Warres what was the fruite
And where ſome get, their death by littell ſuet
A Skarre, a Mayme, and ſutch a rude rewarde
As moſt men findes, that do that life regarde.

I ſpake afore of bickrings, by the Frenche
But heere the heate, of ſeruinge might bee ſeene
They bearded vs and made them trenche for trenche
And ſhewed themſelues, trimme Souldiours as I weene
But what of that, wee came to ſerue the Queene
Though to our loſſe, our courage did wee vſe
Wee foyſt our Foes, their trench at length refuſe.

And to their Milles, wee went and burnt them downe
Slew them wee founde, where many hurt were than
In ſeruice great, right neere before the Towne
Our hap was ſutch, that wee the honour wan:
Not onely heere, but euer when began
A Skirmiſhe, or a Bickeringe any where
Which as wee geſſe, wee wanted ſeldome there.

A thondringe noyes, they made when they came forth
Their ratlinge ſhot, did pearce the Clowdes mee thought
To ſhow the truth, their Corriars were more worth
Then double tolde, the Peeces that wee brought
And to bee playne, our ſhot they counted nought
Yet as it was, when that our men came neere
The Frenchmen bought, their commynge forth full deere.

Yet

Yet would they not, bee kept no tyme within
An hundreth tymes, they iſſued out I gelle
And ſought for death: their honor for to win,
What ere they loſt they braue no whit the lelle
If heere I ſhould, all Skirmiſhes expreſſe
What they haue done, what wee haue wrought likewiſe
Of Paper ſure, a Quere would not ſuffice.

Unto my Tale, my penne I pray thee paſſe
What humer brought? thy reaſon heere ſo wyde
You knowe good folkes in what diſcourſe I was
The Campethus plaſte wee did releeſe abide
Watch loſſe eeh day, wee had I will not hide
And greater harme, was likely to enſue,
If ſome had not, made vp their bandes anewe.

Of watch, and warde, our men ſo werye were
They careleſſe ſtoode, of any hap at all
The Nightes were fowle, the Dayes not very fear,
The Countrey cold, their Garmentes thinne, and ſmall
And ſtill vpon their Captayns gan they call
A ſaute, a ſaute, wee lye ore longe in Trenche
Let vs go ſpende, our liues vpon the French.

It ſeemed good, the Towne for to aſſayle
Men willinge were, in Princes cauſe to fighte
The battery ſhot, but that did not preuaile
Watch Pouder ſpente, the charges was not lighte
Smale ſkathe it did as ſeemed to our ſighte,
This dare I ſay, ſo ſharpe a peale ſo ronge
I neuer hearde, but yet it durſt not longe.

For

For this aſſault, lewd ladders, vile and nought
The ſouldiours had, which were to ſhorte God wot.
The proofe therof, with bloude the poore men bought
Had they ben long, the towne we might haue got
But looke what God aſſigned to our Lot.
We could not ſhunne, nedes muſt it come to paſſe
That be appoyntes, as there good tryal was.

Captayne Rādal gaue vvarning vvhan thaſſault ſhuld begin.

Let thoſe thinges go, I kepe another vayne
Of this aſſault, the manner ſhew I ſhall
Firſt were our men, in battail raunged playne
And garded wel, with horſemen were they all,
The reſt in trench did ſtand as did befal
Til warning made of Randal maior there
At which they paſt to Leeth with outen fere

The drommes did ſound. the trompettes blew alowde.
The Canons ſhot, the bowmen ſtode not ſtill
The ſmoke was lyke a fogge, or miſty cloude
That poulder made, our ſouldiers lackt no will
To clyme the walles where they receiue much ill.
For when they layd theyr ladders in the dyke
They were to ſhort the length of halfe a Pyke

Th' flankers then in murdring holes that lay:
Went of and ſlew, God knowes ſtout men enow,
The barquebuz afore hande made foule playe
But it behoud our men for to go thowe
And ſo men ſought, ther deathes they knew not how
From ſuch a ſight ſweete god my frendes defend
For out of frame did dyuers find theyr ende

The ſiege of *Leeth*.

Ty ſee poore ſoules, there wander in the dykes
The ſtones wer flung, the curriers bet them down
The wounded men, let fal both bowes and pykes
The mangled heapes, that creped from the towne
The ſlaughter ſoule, and here the woful ſowne
That Soulopers crpes, there made, I thinke in dede
Would ſure compel, a ſtony hart to bleede.

The brute of this, abaſht our bouldeſt men
And cut our combes, as al were caſt away
The coward ſort, did ſteal them homeward then
And ſome in campe, came neuer ſince that day
Some ſought diſcharge, ſome ſaw ſo great a fray
They wyſht at home, they had bene keping Crooes
Suche is the warres, wher men both winne and looſe

I leaue that caſe, and now returne I ſhall
To thoſe that day wer leaders in the feeld
And for in ryme, I cannot ſhew it all
And wel ſet forth in ryme are ſaltes but feeld
And wordes I lacke, and that I am vnſkilde
To ſeeke out termes, that apte are for that caſe
In proſe I mind, therefore the ſame to place.

That ſhal I wryte, when this I draw anew
Which in ſhort tyme, I mynd at large to ſet
But for the firſt, it may ſuffice to you
This naked rime, out of my handes to get
Yet if I liue, I will be in your det
To pay you once, a better ſum I thinke
Then I haue yet, ſet forth with pen and pynke.

An other

And other mount, that Somerſet was cald
Deuyſed was where Somerſet was plaſt
This ſoꝛt, ful oft, the French both ſlew and gald
And many a tyme their peces it defaſt
Here you muſt note, theſe mountes were not in waſt
Foꝛ if they had not held the towne in awe
We could not it beſege foꝛ ought we ſawe

The Earle of Worceters brother, maiſter Frances Somerſet

If that the French, with frendes that wer without
Had ventred all, and ſtode to foꝛtunes hap
In daunger great, we had bene out of doute
And likely ſure, we were to fal in trap
But lo our chiefe, miſdouting ſuch a clap
Foꝛ want of men, to ſeege the enmies rounde
Deuyſed foꝛtes, vpon the meteſt ground.

In this meane whyle, there came S. Faunces Leake
To our reliefe, wherof much nede we had
A greatter lacke, we had there then I ſpeake
Of men and helpe, which made our harts ful ſad
But ſtill with woꝛdes, the councel did vs glad
And ſayd the Duke, was comminge haue no dꝛede
Who much deſirde, foꝛ to ſupply our nede

Sir Faunces Leake came to our reliefe

The French came foꝛth, at midnight after this
As though they would, a Canuoꝛado make
But as god wꝛought, their purpoſe did they miſſe
Foꝛ though ſome men the trenchis did foꝛſake
An other ſoꝛt, defence did vndertake
And ſtode ſo ſure, and ſhot ſo in their face
That there they ſlew a Coꝛpoꝛal in the place

They ſeyng that, ful haſtely retyrde
And lokt not backe theyr fellowes for to ſee
To turne agayne was none that them deſird
Each man is glad to ſee his enmy flee.
A bridge of gold geue him that runnes from thee
The wyſe man bids, which councel they that maye
Wil not refuſe in warres I dare wel ſaye

Now muſt you note, the french mens hartes were hye
And of reliefe they madee a great auaunce
And for the ſeruil before their miſtris eye
The feats of armes, they more they vſo to hauute
As though our campe, their courage could not daunt
Wherfore ful late at night when Sun was ſet
They iſſued out, to take vs in a net

Vppon our trench, and all along the ſandes
They came amayne, far paſt a marching pace,
And brought abroad their braue and cheſeſt bandes
But as God woulde we met them in the face,
Where to the ſhot indured a maruaylous ſpace
Some men of theirs, that whyle cryde ſhyrly bowes
So nere the campe that vp the ſouldiours goes

A Larom Long among them there they had,
And ſundry ſortes of thinges they thought thereon
But at the trench, was many a ſtubborne lad
Which ſtill with ſhot did preſe the French vppon
And left them not vntil that they were gon
Or ſawe them flye, their whitcotes ſerud ſo well
I lacke but tyme, their worthines to tell

A larū in our ovvn camp by the French policy

Our

Our enmyes now, became moꝛe circumſpect
And curtſie made, ſo nere our camp to come
They woulde not loſe, their men to ſmal effect
Noꝛ had no wyl to bap in whytecotes thom
They ſent them in, without the ſound of ꝺꝛumme
They kepe ſuch ſtur, as neuer yet I ſawe
And yet at firſt, they were but blunt and rawe.

Stil ꝺiꝺ we hope to haue from Warwicke ayꝺe
It comes this ꝺap, quoth one, it wil not fayle
The fame wherof ꝺiꝺ make the french afrayꝺe
They knew they muſt a byꝺe a new aſſayle
This newes among our men ꝺiꝺ much pꝛeuaile
But in the enꝺ they ſaw ſmal haſt was maꝺe
Wherfoꝛe their mynꝺes were in an other traꝺe

The Dowager, the Queene of Scottes fel ſicke
This whyle whe ron, at length this laꝺy ꝺyeꝺ,
Whoſe ꝺeath ꝺiꝺ touch the frenchmen to the quicke
Foꝛ ſire their frenꝺ ſhe was as wel was tꝛyeꝺ
(And to her realme it cannot be ꝺenyeꝺ
She was ful faſt) a Pꝛinces of hye ſpꝛete
Foꝛ Fraunce a perle a member apt and mete.

I had almoſt left out a ſkirmiſh here
Upon the ſanꝺes, where hoꝛſemen honoꝛ gate
And in deſpyte they rode the french ſo nere
That ꝺiuers French were ouerthrow therat
Although that here I partly touched that
You muſt not thinke, but ꝺyuers ꝺays lykewiſe
The hoꝛſemen kept, this common courſe and guiſe.

The ſiege of *Leeth*.

As tyme conſumd, ſo ſtil our men did waſte
And needful was for ayde or els for peace
And to be briefe, our country made no haſte
From watch and warde our ſouldiers to releace
Greate murmurs ſtil amoug vs did encreace
But dewly bad, each Souldier do his beſt
Til ſweete reliefe ſhould bring poore ſoules ſome reſt.

The byſhop of Valence from Fraunce

From Fraunce there came, Embaſadours this to ende
And from our Queene, the like to vs was ſent
My Lord of Burleigh that now is: came to cõclude this peace.
Aboute the ſame, they did much labour ſpend
And as you know, both partyes were content
The French by ſea, vnto their country went
Compeld with force, they did forſake the towne
To our great fame, and honor of the crowne.

First giue me leaue, our Souldiers to aduaunce
That with their blud, their countryes reſt haue brought
Next how they ſerud agaynſt the flower of Fraunce
And laſt of all, did bringe their bragges to naught
And more then this note here and kepe in thought
They being weake did make the ſtrong to bow
And to their home, returne with conqueſt now

Lord Burleigh ended theſe broyles.

But or I go, to farre in Souldiers prayſe
The inſtrumentes, that endid al this toyle
I muſt ſet forth, whoſe graue and ſober wayes
And ſtoutnes both, did geue the french a foyle
They forſt the French to yeld to their own ſpoyle
They did perſwade, nay rather the compell
To part to Fraunce, as al men knowes ful wel.

Was

Was this none act, to worke them so lyke wax
That were as hard as flint or stoup steele
And quench the fyre that was so nere the flax
And ceast the plage that many one might feele
And brought vs peace, and cast al war at heele
And as a man might say mawger their teeth
Drew out the French out of the towne of Leeth

Because the brute and beetle headded braynes
Can not conceiue, the depenes of this peace.
And that some thinke that we haue lost our paynes
Or that by this did further warres increace
For that I would such fond conceipts should ceace
Here shal I showe the sum of al the same
As neare as I can put such thinges in frame.

By this wee haue, that many kinges did seeke
A perfit peace, with Scotland sure for aye
By this the French, that nestled neare our cheeke
Ful many peares, are now dispatcht away
By this smal broile, did cease a greater fray.
By thys our realme was rid from further care
Our foes sent home, and we in quiet are.

By this our Quene, hath al her owne requestes
Unfit for you, to know therof the weyght
By this great thinges, as yet in question restes
Ti! for our welth, they shalbe framed streight
By this our fame is lifted such an height
That euery wight, that throughly wais this chance
Shal say we stroue against the flower of Fraunce,

The ſiege of *Leeth*.

How happy are, the Subiectes hie and lowe
Ruelo by the Prince, in whoſe tyme this was wrought
Which for the zeale of her owne realme you knowe
And Scotlandes loue hath ſet expence at nought,
And in her dayes, to paſſe ſuch thinges hath brought
As ſeldome could be compaſt wel with wit
Wherfore the fame, therof to hir is fit

Here haue you hard, of Leeth the ouer throw
As far as ryme wil ſuffer me to wryte
In proſe who liſt, to make reherſal nowe
Therof hath ſkope to ſhew in paper whyte
A beter way, that ſhal you more delight
For this was done, as this I ſaw it then
And tyme but ſhort, I had to vſe my penne.

A FAREVVELL when I went to ſtudy, writ ten to the woꝛld.

FArewel thou woꝛld, that me betrayed to longe
To dearly bought, I fynde thy follies all
Who ſhal thee ſerue, is ſure to ſuffer wꝛonge:
Who ſkoꝛns thy happes, may ſhun thy ſodayne
Who fawnes on thee, ſhal dꝛynk thy byter gall: (fall
Who flyes thy topes, thy paynted face ſhal finde
Who ſóner flydes, then thoſe which at thy call
Liues lyke thy ſlaues, in body, ſoule, and minde.
Firſt from a chylde, with fancies was I fedde
All at thy handes, til I to manhode grue:
Than in the darke, loe blyndfeld was I led
So that my God, my ſelfe, noꝛ man I knue
Wicld wit, yong blood, old vice, new dꝛead in bones,
Faire things, foule thoughts, fond wꝛoꝛks & flattring eas,
Had muffled me, and hodwinckt ſo my wit
That in the ſtoꝛmes, I dꝛade no Sillas ſeas,
Noꝛ in the calmes I feard no froward fits
Which were to come: thinges pꝛeſent pleaſd me beſt
Thoſe gone I made no mirroꝛ to the reſt.
Bed ſoft, ful mouth, gay backe and fooliſh fame,
Was all I ſought lyke loꝛd to liue at luſt
At my nowne ſhape, and ſhadow had I game
A loking glaſſe, a plaiffeer trim at truſt
To pꝛype a pon, my life thus did I frame
Cleane out of tune, I ſee it now ful well
So that my lyfe, was careles eury dell,
Yet founde I haue, a heape of other harmes

Therby

Therby: what then, I cannot them amende
When dead they seeme, than spring they vp by swarmes
Suche mischife kept, will haue a rotten ende
Though at the full, the type of them is now
The ebbe may come, when God a tyme shal send
Leaue that to him, and I shal tel you how
I learnd to know the kynd and course of man
His nature new, his fashion halfe disguised
And how for shame at length to I began
To follow that, which I afore despised
Ful welcome ought that learning be to me
Which taught me wit, when wieldnes weaued the loeme
Of wanton wayes, and blyndnes gan to see
The path he mist, the way that leo me home
Unto the port, where I would harbred be
And rather dwelle, with quiet setled mynde
Than roue abrode to seeke vncertayne lucke
Or subiect be to filthy worldy mucke
I would not sure be bound to such a clogg
That would me rob of reason and good skil
And in the ende, but fish and catch a frogg
As some haue done, and some do vse it still
Which snatch the bone, before the hungry dogge
Who wil not part from that he hath in hold
Although in deede, his mayster would it haue
Unto this end, this tale now haue I told
To shew him wise, that knoweth what to craue
And alas of those, that freely giues for nought
But be most wyse, that hath no greedy thought
And can content him with those little skraps
That fals by lot vnto him for his share
And fyndes no fault, at other worldly haps
But hath a head, as free from inward care
As baby new borne, yea such a one may simple

And

And laugh his fyl, wher some crye wo the pye
He shall see much, that hath a simple eye
That man shal see the stronge the weake begyle
The poze by ryth, and mighty swalowed vp
The harmeles drynke, out of the popsoned cup
The nedy lacke, that greedy raueuers grype
The theeues let goe, that robbes in skarlet weeds
And sittes on bentch, when truth keeles many a stripe
How feare is dubd a knight foz cowarde deeds
How manhode begges, and none are helpt that nedes
How creepe in holes, that did no hurt at all
Are valiaunt cald, such is the peoples bzuite
The quiet man these thinges beholde he shall
And see them passe, and learne therby some fruite
As I haue done, though farre from quiet mind
In any case, my selfe God wot I finde
Saue that to toyle, and burthens foz to beare
I framed am, and lettes the wozld alone
Amid my foes that fawnes and speakes ful feare
I liue a louse, and wil not be a'nown
There hate I haue, I must dissemble there
As doth those mates, which play at foztunes bal
Do not some halt, that wel may go vpright
Who can deny, but we dissemble all
In some one point, and wisedome we it call
Thinges are not founde, as they do seeme to sight
Some laugh in hart, yet shew a weping eye
You haue hard say, the blynd eats many a flie
How should the sad, with wantons mirth agree
The hole with sicke, the wise with foolish dwel
The prowde with meke, the meane with mighty be
If all these sortes could not dissemble well
And euen so, it fareth now by me
I wincke at thinges that I would not beholde

Note

And see

And see those faule, that profits me no whyt
I heare likewyse, that I can wish vntold
I shoote with them, that neuer marke may hit,
But me beleue, yet win the game I would
Among that sort, that giueth aeme to sit
I lyke not sure: I rather wish to bet
Than looke apon, and lay on nere a syde
Set doubtes apart, it is good sport to get
But he that winnes, must hazard neues abyde
(I leaue you there) I would so make my game
It were halfe won, before the match were trive
And make him think, that hits the marke is wyde
And say himselfe, he roueth out of frame
I pray you now, who would not do the same
To gayne therby or els at least to saue:
Then graunt me this, dissemble sure ye must
As I may do, or in tyme past I haue
And made some blynd, that better saw then I
And saw ful oft that I could not perceiue.
When that thereon, did life or daunger lye
And yet I lookt, and leered by your leaue
What might befall, and sought to shun the shocke
And as I fled, ill fortune followed fast
When she should strike, I scaped many a knocke
By douking downe, I knew so wel her cast
With cap and knee, her fauour soone I wan
So in a whyle, she tooke me as her man.
But when I thought, most hold of her to take
Away she went, the whyrle wynd in her taile
Yet with his frendes fayre weather did I make
Whose helpe was good when world began to fayle.
And if you aske how I acquainted was
With such fare props, that holdes vp house and all
And how that I could bringe such things to passe

To kepe

To kepe me vp when diuers sought my fall:
(This fal not great, it cannot bee I trow
Whose clyming vp was neuer much you know)
This by the way I speake yet aunsweare loe
To you I make that this demaundes of mee
To court I came, where I could hear and see,
As others did, and with the strong I stoode
As world did wag I wound my barke aboute
And lende me there where I could fynd most good
In deede this was the way to beare it out
And there I found of eury sort ynow:
Would I be braue, I knew where mates were had
Would I be stout, I saw who wil not bow,
Hie lokes was he, that stil I saw go throw
That shippe made way, that all the sayles could beare,
Smal spite sate low, with finger in his eare
Great curchy crept, ful lyke among the best
He made them laugh, that lookt as he would sweare
He carued coales, that could abyde no geast
Playn like the lout, was little set by theare,
Fyne taunting tounges, brought many a foole in feare
Make loue the meke, was ready at a call
Fayn would be sene, was flsking eury where
Set forth to sale, was markte beyonde them all
Vayn glory sin pld, and loke for much adoe,
Newfanglenes, chaekt off old frendship past,
Fien falle at foote, couloe whine and bite you toe
Proude blynd conceit, would not be placed last,
Small wit would laugh at wyser then him selfe,
Disdayne that dwarf, lookt lyke a peeuish elfe,
Straunge nature fround, when homely folkes sate down
Ful purse found freudes, that came but late to towne
Set by himselfe, would not salute but few
Smale worth made boast, stil mouth was al the shrewe.

Tel all

Tel al that blab, was cald a royster than
False semblaunce thryude, that could it faces beare,
Happy was he, that was a turnecoates man
They sped not worst, that counterfaited weare
Do as world did, drawe of ẏ longest tyme
Hee had the landes, that was Dicke shifters eare
He caught the brydes, that best could set the lyme
Yet broken shinnes, some gate that vsd to clyme
Spite spurnd at those, that better sped then hs
All busy heads, could not on shoulders byde
They met ful oft, that seldome could agree
Who fel so soone, as wit ouermatcht with pryde?
Who rose but suche, as ruffled forth their yeares
Yet chaunge of suites, brought many in the brears
Note Whyte Plummes cost pens, apparel pickt the purse
All worne in court, was not in citty payde
Sharpe set, sayd oft, backe cloutes make belly worse
Bare cloake be ware, whose credite was decayed
Catch nought poore knaue, could Courte and Courtiers (corse
Spend all sate still, and looked lyke a mayde
Hope wel made spoyle, and wayted for a day
Unthrift would sweare, and dyce it al awap
Tosse blade woulde snuffe, and shake a swynish heade
Dare do lokt big, as butcher in his shop
Saue groet smeld out where hunger may be sped
Proude would not speake, that sate not at the top
When Lorch was out, some knew not where to dyne
Who kepes the barre, was asked eury houre
Some spake ful fayre, to get a cuppe of wyne
God saue ye syr, wilt please ye take a flower
A sweete red Rose, he had that kept good cheare
And many a cap, and curtchy to the grounde
An offar stil, was made of al the peare
Old stagers knew, where such a frend was found

Yon

Yong frie might fast, for any thing they gate
New commers walkt, abrode for taking colde
Ful paunch did march, as he had bene a state
Who lookes like me, thought he that chippinges solde
When Chrystmas roobes, were brusht & that day worn.
Well was that man, might bid that saynt good morne
Beare rule stoode stiffe, and kept his betters out
Boldface thrust in, throw thickest prease and throng
Hoffe haue at all, ful hie could hold the snout
Speake as he thought, was not in fauour long
Fynd fault the foole, would flyer in ech mans face
Ritchrulde the rost, lack frendes felt al ý wrong
Bare like knew not, to whom to shew his case
Wast all the wield, might sing a beauy long
Hoyst up in hast, forget from whence he came
Hie office skorn'd, to loke backe how he clymde
Hogge Norton breede, disdayn'd to know their dame
Pryde fered no fall, till foote ful fast was liemd
Snatch skratched al, and geue his fellowes none
Neede lickt the plates, and gnawed bare the bone
Mounch present crept, in corners al alone
Hanoke was made, where meat was litle seene
Unworthy of bread, fardwel God saue the Quene
Spoile would not spare, his charges was but small
Make feast fild in, the King did pay for all
Seeke helpe, spake faire, yet sloely spede his sute
Geue bribes was harde, his money tould his tale
Lacke nought had more, but wante could fynd no frute
Nede blew his nayles, and looked very stale
Skill for a shift, was glad to teach for pens
Old hangers on, would not be beaten thens
Witte did inuent, but welth bare all the brute
Boldnes did speake, when bashnes was ful mute
Cunning wrought much, but craft beyond him crept

Poets

A farewel to the worlde.

Poets made rymes, but ropsters prayses kept
Wisedome would waite on many a wodcocke oft
Old broemes wer good, but newal cleane they swept,
Loue ease sate long, and lookt to lye ful soft.
Eate much would boast, he serud our soueraine long,
Fat browes knightes I tel you tooke great payne
Some went ful gay, that was not worth a thong.
Some threw at al, and nicked eury mayne.
He talkt of warres, that had smale wit in peace
Scarce knew himselfe, would common wealthes debate
He spake great thinges, that sweted in his greace
Wittles wel dyude, would be a Lordes cheeke mate,
Loe creetcht vnto, a sore discourse would make,
Make rowme my frendes (quoth he) that kepe the gate
Craft had a care to all he did or spake
Unwelcomd gestes slept in and art no leaue
Some pleasd the prince, yet had the peoples hate
Some serud them both, and did them both deceiue.
He neare sate stil, that cored fauor wel
Some playd the fore, that lyke a goose could looke,
Some askt what newes, and yet wonders could tel
Small mynde of God, would often beare a booke
He went to masse, that would the challice sell,
Some loud the church, for the swete relickes thear
Some made of saincts, brought vp another where:
Some neither Saint nor deuil feard at all
Some lyke this world, more then the world to come,
Some in their ruffe would set aboute the hall
Some spent such nightes, they dread no day of Dome
Some watcht their tyme, and yet their tyme they lost
Some bankets made, and weare bankrout at last
Some learnd to be, fine courtiers to their cost
Some had smale help, and yet spent al ful fast
Some sought to spend vpon a nothers charge

Some

Some careles liu'de, and walkt abroade at large
Some crau'd apace, and caught some crumes by craft,
Some could not aske, they thought deserts should craue
Some made fayre sale, of blades louse in the hayr
Some neuer wanne, nor coulde deuise to saue
Some wayted hard, but gate smale fruit therfore
Some had yll happe, and yet no vertue lackt
Some sau'de odde endes, and made of little more
Some had their bagges, as full as could be thwakt
Some made colde mirth, yet saured for such vice
Who Fortune liekt, was euer most in pryce.
All this in Court, I saw and kept good store
Ful twenty yeares, as tryall good I haue
Not of Court now, as court hath bene of yore
I wryte, I speake, and treat so God me saue
To show wherfore, from whence I me withdrew
What harme it did, vnto my betters farre.
What good likewyse, he gate that Court wel knew
How some did make, and some therin did marre.
But to be playne, where I such chaunges founde
I list not dwell, let them that wil be bound
To that short rayn, I chose the quiet soyle
The Country large, to haue free skope to walke
To be in Court, I count it but a toyle.
Where hart much thinkes, and toung dare little talke.
Where some must sit, and loke vppon the walles
And beat their heeles, agaynst formsydes al day.
And subiects are, to others beckes and calles
That lyfe is weake. wherein ther raines no stay
A peece of bread, is better had with eas
Then bankettes swete vppon such bitter bordes.
Some say ther is, no fishing to the Seas.
Yet many Troutes, are caught on little fordes
That shallow seeme, with other pretty fishe

That at the length, wil make an honest dishe
On little brookes, men Angle safe and drye
In leather bootes, and dreade no drowning there
On these rough Seas, the least wind in the skie.
Tipes vp the Barke, or bringes a man in feare
Some haue no bartes, with roaring waues to strine
Ful greene to sight, and vgglie to the eye
Which on the rockes, the seely vessels driue
And knockes their Keeles, and makes poore Pilots crie.
Hale in the saile, let goe the bowling mate
Now in good sayth, such sodayne shockes I hate
Yet some wil thinke, I am not setled so
But I wil seeke, to trye the Sea agayne
Why is the Earth, so narrow would I knoe
I cannot find, where I may well remaine.
The worlde is wide, and men must burthens bere
That ordayned are vnto no better chaunce
That groes not here, takes roote an other where
Some shoteth il, yet hapneth by a glaunce
To hit their game, men ought to do their best
And seeke for lucke, and let god worke the rest,
So for my part, I shal likewyse procede
And thoughe I bid the Court and worlo farewell
I meane to vse, them both as I haue nede
But for to say, in Court I wish to dwell
I mind it not, as God me helpe and spede
And for the world, his poke stil drawe I must
But sure I serue, him all agaynst my lust
[illegible] the same, is neither hope nor trust
Wherefore my leaue, I take as powre I haue.
From him and his though course of lyfe saith nu
A worldling here, I must be to my graue.
For this is but, a May game mixt with woe
A borrowd rouline where we our Pagentes play

A skaffold

A ſkaffolde playne, whereon we reuells make
A crokes path, a parlouſe falſe bye waye
A toileſome ſoyle, where we much trauel take.
Good Reader now do neither ſtinge noz hiſſe.
At any thing that in this verſe is plaſte.
Where fault is found, foz fauour mend the miſſe.
This roning rime was ſlubbers vp in haſt
And nought ther by the ſimple writer ment
But nether court noz worlde could him content.

A FAYNED FANcye betweene the Spider and the Gowte.

IF that ye list to giue me eare,
And with my matter for to beare:
Although a fable tel I shal,
It is to make you mery al.
Ye may some pleasure find therin,
And yet my tale not worth a pinne.
As I haue hard from thinges of naught.
Is wisedome and great knowledge sought
Yea gold is gotten out of drosse,
And Toyues are made of mucke and mosse.
That beetes the poze a goodly syze
Now to my tale I wil retyze.
Ten thousand yeare agoe at least
I meane when euery byzde and beast:
And euery thyng that we can name,
Could talk and reason in good frame.
It hapned then make you no doute,
Betwene the Spyder and the Goute:
There fel a strife ful straung to heare
Which was eare ended was that yeare.
These two would know by change of place
Who furthest stode in Fortunes grace
And which of them was best at ease,
So ech a part as he did please
A mayster chose vnto his mynd,
A day betwene them was assind
When that the yeare was ful runne out,
For talke twene Spider and the Gout
And at which season mete they would,

Their

Their haps and Fortune to vnfolde,
The greuous gripping Gowt should goe:
Vnto a husbandman I trowe.
And dwel with him for that yere than.
The Spyder to a gentleman:
And so they parted seueral wayes,
But which of them had merrie dayes:
Hereafter shal you heare me tell,
The Spider was not welcomde wel:
Into the Pallace where he dwelt,
But rather many a mischefe felt.
For eu'ry day there was a maide,
That made the Spyder sore afraide:
With merry Larke, this mayden rose,
And strayght about the house she goes.
With swapping Besome in her hand,
And at her gyrdle in a band:
A iolly bunche of Keyes she wore,
Her Peticote fine laest before
Her taile tucke vp in trymmest gies.
A napkin hanging ore her eies:
To kepe of dust and drosse of walles.
That often from the Windows falles.
Though she was smog, she toke smale sale,
For thrifty gyrles are glad to please
She wan the loue of all the house
And pranke it like a pretty mouse.
And sure at eu'ry woord she spake,
A goodly curchy could she make,
A sturring huswyfe euery where
That bent both backe and bones to bere.
She neuer sleped much by night,
But rose somtymes by Candel light
To card and spin, or sow her smocke.

Ther could no soner crow a Cocke.
But she was vp, to seeke her cloes,
And woulde be sweete as any roes
Ful cleanly still the gyrle would go
And handsome in a house also.
As euer saw I country wench,
She sweeped vnder eu'ry bench.
And shakte the Cushins in their kynde,
When out of order she did synde.
A rush a straw, or little sticke,
She could it mend she was so quicke,
About her busnes eu'ry houre.
This maid was cald hir mistres flour.
She bare the keys of Ale and Beare,
And had the rule of better cheare:
She was not nice, nor yet to kinde,
To proude, nor of too humble mynd.
To fine nor yet to braue I troe,
Shee had as sayre as I do knoe:
Two sayre new kirtles to her backe,
The one was blue, the other blacke.
For holy dayes she had a gowne,
And euery yard did cost a crowne:
And more by viii pence, I gesse,
The had three smockes she had no lesse.
Four rayls and eke fiue kercbers fayre,
Of hose and shoes, she had a payre:
She needed not, no more to haue,
She woulo goe barefoote for to saue.
Her shoes and hose, for they were drere.
She went to Towne, but once a yere:
At Easter or some other day,
When she had licence for to play.
I had forgotten for to tell,

Shee

She had a purſſe ſhe loued wel:
That hanged at a ryband greene
With taſſels faire and welbeſeene.
And as for gloues and knifes ful bright,
She lacked not for trifles light:
As pins and laces of ſmall coſte,
I haue to you rehearſed moſt
Of al her goodes. Now to the forme,
And makinge of this creeping wormе:
Her port was low, her face was fayre,
It came no ſooner in the ayre:
But it would pil, her cheekes were thin,
God knowes ſhe had a tender ſkinne.
The worſt mishap this minion had,
Her leggs wer ſwollen very bad,
Some heauy humor down did fall,
Her foote was narrow ſhort and ſmal:
Her body ſclender as a ſnigg,
But ſure her buttockes wer ful bigg.
That came I thinke by ſyting mitch,
And in her ſide ſhe had a ſtitch:
That made her oft ſhort wynded ſure,
But her complexion was ful pure.
She was wel made from top to Tayle,
Yea all her limbs without en fayle:
Wer fine and feat ſhe had a hand
There was no fayrer in the land.
Saue that with toile it chaunged hue,
Her fingers ſmal her vaynes ful blue:
Her nayles a little largely growne.
Her hear much like the Sunne it ſhone.
Her eyes as blacke as Jet did ſeme,
She did herſelfe ful wel eſteeme
Her lippes were red but ſomwhat chapt.

A fained fancy

Her tounge was ſtil, and ſeldome clapt
She ſpake as ſhe were in a cloude,
Neither to ſoft, nor yet to loude,
And tript apon the floer as trim,
Ye would haue thought that ſhe did ſwim.
As ſhe did goe ſuch was her pace.
She minſed fyne, like maiſtris Grace:
That at the daggar dwelled ones,
Who made good pyes of Marybones.
I dare depoſe vpon a boke,
She was as good a mayden cooke,
As euer dreſt apeece of meate,
And for a banket ſmal or greate.
And rayſing Paeſt ſhe paſſed ſtill,
Aſſone as floure came from the mill:
She made the goodlieſt Cakes therof,
And baeke as fair a howſhold Loffe.
As ere was ſene or ſet on boord,
What neues more talke at one bare woord
The greatteſt Lady in a cheere.
She might haue ſerued ſeuen yeere,
This mayd as you do vnderſtand,
With ſwinging beſom in her hand:
About the windowes would ſhe pry,
And where ſhe might a ſpyder ſpy.
Downe went his web and all his woorke,
The Spider had no place to lorke:
Nor make his Scaffold hie nor loe,
But that thys mayden ſtil wold goe.
Unto a Forme or els a ſtole,
And with ſome kind of reaching toole:
She raught the ſely ſpiders neaſt,
The Spider found no other feaſt.
But eu'ry day fowle ſerued was,

Some

Somtyme he builded near the glas:
Somtime ful oze his mayſters hed,
Somtyme befoze the maidens bed:
Behynd the ſkrene oz on the wawll,
Somtyme in parloz oz in hawll.
In pziuey oz at poztall doze,
But ſtil this mayde vppon the floer,
Would fling him flat and clapt her foote,
(When that ſhe ſaw none other bote)
Vppon the Spyder if ſhe might,
But though he lackt both ſence and ſight:
His ſkrawling legs did help him oft,
Ful ſone ye ſhoulde him ſee aloft.
And there he would a web begin,
But al in vayne the foole did ſpinne:
Foz looke what all the night he wzought,
The maid at mozn bzought clean to nought.
This tozment ſtil the Spyder had,
When any flye had made him glad:
And fel into the Spiders trap,
Then ſhould their faule a fearfull clap.
A bzoome, oz els a little pole.
Made Spider ſeeke an other hole.
He loſt his fly his houſe and all,
In window cloſſe noz open wall.
He might not dwel he felt ſuch wzong.
The Spider thought his peare too long:
And wiſht that it were all runne out,
That he might reaſon with the Gowt.
To here which of them both had felt.
The better dayes where they had dwelt:
The Gout had found as pl an oaſt,
The veriеſt dzudge in al the coaſt,
Foz if he might a penny win,

He la-

He labred throw both thick and thin.
And yet hee was an honest man,
So held in al the parrish than:
A good housholder and a iust,
But sure he liued not by lust.
Nor sought his ease to ligge in bed.
To many a mouth yet gaue he bred.
And yet I gesse now by my ipse:
Neither this man nor yet his wife.
Were worth fiue pounds in ready gold.
Though they an honest house did hold.
At plow and cart, his goodes he gate.
He lay not long nor watched late:
Nor with il rule, no surfet founde,
He eate and dranke, and slept ful sounde.
This grunting grub was short and thicke
His face was red as any bricke:
Wherein their stode a bottel nose,
A couple of Cornes vppon his toese,
He had which made him cut his shue,
He neuer put on garment nue
But when that to the wakes he went,
He was dresst vp like Jack a Lent:
And cobler like, when he did worche,
But when this poman went to churtch.
A sleeueles Jacket then he ware,
A veluet nightcap halfe thread bare:
A chamblet doublet stockt with silke,
His short kapre washt as whyte as milke
But herein must be vnderstode,
His wyfe was come of gentle blood:
Which wold not haue him clad in clouts,
But when he moyld with other loutes.
Then caerd she not what he put on.

His

His house it was not made of stone.
The walls with lime were whitted well,
And thatcht ore hed, the truth to tel:
The smoke came forth the thatch somtyme,
But who did on the rafters clyme.
Should fynd fat bacon hanging there,
The house could not be kept ful feare:
For Hens and Capons, Dogs, and Cattes,
Aboute his bed was many Gnattes,
That bommed stil vpon his face,
And ful of mice in euery place:
Of children had he many a one,
But idle in the house was none,
Except it were an infant yong,
The maydens to their whele the song:
The Carters myrry wer also,
The hiendes a bout the fyeldes did goe,
The Oxen champed in the stawll,
The pigs lay grontinge by the wawll:
The Capuls fed vpon their hay,
The Hens ful many an egge did lay.
The Geese were gagling on the greene,
And in good order as I wene:
Were all thinges that this poore man had,
The Gowt therof was very glad,
And thought to trye him for a yere,
And so to tast cold country cheere.
And as the poore man soundly slept,
Into his ioyntes the gowt he crept.
Like theefe that steals vppon a wight,
That rydes alone in winters night:
So stept the Gowt vnto this man,
And sought to vexe his body than
And hoept when poore man eas'd his grefe,

That

That he ſhould finde ſuch great reliefe
Such reſte, ſuch ſcope, and ake ſuch hold,
Of man to wander where he wolde.
Yea ſure the Gowt had found a ſoyll,
He thought to bring to vtter ſpoyle.
But loe as leyſy lobber laye,
A bed and gronde in breake of daye:
His wife ſo foule a bauling kept,
And ſayd kye huſband you haue ſlept.
God knowes away both wit and thrift,
Be God ye muſt make better ſhift:
To pay our rent our Landlord cries,
On Plow and Cart our welth muſt riſe
And not on ſtretching in the bed,
Ye know your children muſt be fed:
Your ſeruantes kept, your wages payde,
In deede good man I am afrayd
That we ſhal forfayte leaſe and all,
And into ſhame and beggrie fall:
Ye know your wife doth goe ful bare,
And lokes ſo leane with carke and care.
She changed hath her colour cleane,
Unto a Peas, or partched Bean:
And withers like a Cocke of hey,
Yea glad to feede on cruddes and whey.
And pinch her Belly for your ſake,
And though I cheeſe and butter make.
I ſel the ſame to make vs ritch,
Yet wel ye wot we haue not mitch.
Wy gown is like to goe to gage,
The Landlord is in ſuch a rage:
He wil haue money out of hand,
He muſt redeme his morgaged land
That youthful friſkes in hazard brought.

Tuſh

Tuche man your wyfe takes al the thought.
Not onely how to pay the rent,
But also how to liue in Lent:
And get some herringes home ye knoe,
Our store is gone ful long agoe.
When fleash and whitmeate wareth deer,
A herring cobbe wil make good cheer.
Among our hindes and children toe.
Let neighboures witnes what I doe
To maynteine howshold in good state,
I wash, I wring, I watch vp late,
I fast, I spare, I skrat, I skrape.
And after goodes and gayne I gape.
Whyles husbande takes his pleasure stil,
And hopes to haue the worlde at wil:
By slepe and crying out of payne,
Let ries a blister or a blayne
Vppon your little fingers end,
Straight for a surgion must you send:
Your father could take salt and sut.
And liuely like a lusty gut.
A medcine make for euery sore
And neuer would ly downe therfore.
No though in dede the shin wer broke.
Fye lye not smearing in the smoke.
For foolish smartes and stitches vile,
The husbandman, began to smyle:
To bear the babbling of his dame,
But nil he would he, worse did frame
So awkward with this slyly soule,
That vp he roes, and toke a powle:
In feble hand to stay vppon,
But buse nes sayd he must be gone.
And haeld him out of doze in hast

This

A fayned fancy

This goodly grubbe with fagot waest.
Bestoers his ioyntes about the fielde,
In thinges whereon poze men are skild:
And seldome stayd in any place,
Ashamde in house to hid his face.
Oz vnder hedge oz Tree to rest.
This troubled much his new com gest.
The Gowt I meane, but careles loe,
Of Gowt the poore man krudged tho.
Ore hedge and stile, he skipt and slang
And as the Byrds on Bushes sange,
He whistled all the way he went.
And homward foz his breakfaste sente.
Whyles he the Oxen poked fast,
And clymde the trees to beate downe Mast:
Foz swyne that must in hast be solde,
And put the scattred sheepe in folde.
He did, foz shephearde had he none,
Foz loe the greattest flocke was gone.
And nedeles seruantes are not kept,
This man had nede plucke vp his witte.
To please his wyfe and pay his due,
What should I longer talke to you:
Of his affayres about he flees,
As though his head were ful of bees.
He ran like hounde that huntes the hare.
(And of the Gout tooke little care)
About his woorke now here, now thear,
Sometyme with Brambuls would be tear.
His coet, his skin, and knocke his knee,
Agaynst a stubbe oz croked tree:
And as he after hozses ran,
Somtyme fel downe this honest man.
No sooner vp, but trudge about:

Thes

These iobs likt not the tender Gowt.
He lookt for Pillowes soft and sweet,
And oyntmentes for the swollen feet:
And plaisters warm to humors colde,
And in fayre clowts to be inrold.
And not to lynd such froward fare,
Well what of that good husbandes are:
A labring to make vp their House,
(And win their bread by sweat of brouse)
As was this wight whereon I write,
Abroad in field was his delite
In many a showre and bitter blast
And euery day til None would fast:
For wanton will he would not eate,
But honger saucid stil his meate.
And seldome rose with belly full,
His children from his mouth would pull:
The bred, the cheese, and other cheer
He kept no howshold for a pere.
And wasted al in little space,
But for his life time is one case:
Ye should his order find so wel,
To much ther was not near a dell.
Nor yet to little, as he throue,
The time and world away he droue:
And made of Peas and Bacon sod.
In eeuen house a banket odde.
A feast that filde the empty paunch,
A ioncket that wil honger staunch:
As sone as costly marchpane fine.
And Sydor in the steede of wine.
And that was dronke out by mid meall,
A strock of roest, of beefe, or veall:
On eu'ry sonday did he vse,

And

And all his harvnes would be skues.
With mariage of his daughter Kate,
And stil he sayd, twas better late
To thriue then neuer saue a grote
He coulde on fyngers endes by rote.
Reherse the course of al the yeare
The change of Moone, and coulde goe neare:
To tell when euery starre should ryse.
And talke of planets in the skies.
But that he learnd by shepheardes rule
At Whytsontyde, at Paece and Yuell:
He gaue his houshold leaue to play.
And then at stoolebal al the day.
Ye might haue found the mery gyrles.
Bedect with worckes, and roefes of pyrles.
And fine froes pastes ye starcht ful tryme.
And syluer pins about ech brym.
As pretty pearles was shyning there,
They had no gymmalles at the eare:
For that nue tricke came out of Spayne,
Yet though their garments were not playne.
They had as peuish pates I knoe
As had in towne the cursest shroe:
That goes in Scarlet now and than.
In houshold with this homely man.
Were wenches worth the loking on,
Wel yet the Gowt would nedes be gon.
His host had near a lodging good,
To harbor such a heauy blood.
And yet he must his yeare abyde
And throw the fyre be better tryde
This man had made a bargayne now
And shape to sel both Bull and Cow.
The Shepe and Oxen in the stawle,

To by

To buy a better farm withall.
And out of hand a iorney great,
He had to go, in cold and heate:
And all a foote this must be don,
With button cap and clouted shon.
With wallet ful of bread and cheese
And ragged russet coat of Freese:
And on his backe he bore a bribe,
And little thought vpon the kibe.
That hard behind the heele he had,
The bargayne made the foole so glad
That out he went as he were woode,
And seldome sure in quiet stode.
Til clean dispatch, these thinges had bene,
The gout that lurked closse, within.
At hand beheld these outward woes,
Then straight vnto the spyder goes
And makes a sore complaynt of this,
The Spider that so tormentid is:
A worse discourse to him he told,
Their maysters after change they wold.
As they deuiesd, and brought to pas,
The gout and spider placed was:
At ease, as we may fynd ful well,
With his degree the Gout did dwell.
And propped vp with cushyns gaye,
On bed or bench, at wil he laye:
If Gowt his mayster did disease,
Most glad he was the Gowt to please.
With furres and clowts to kepe it warm,
And to auoyd a further harme.
The Gowt was hapte and handled soft,
And with swete herbes wel bathed oft:

And fed with daynty meats enowe.
The kne noz ioynt durst no man bowe.
That gowt had gouernd, this was true,
Yea euery bowz a paſſion nue:
Hit brought and bred in mayſters hart,
And ſhronk the vaynes in euery parte,
But he that ones had lodgd this geſt,
And bent himſelfe to geue him reſt.
Muſt neues whyles lif doth laſt take payne,
As to this mayſter was ful faine
The Gowt had found ſo fyne a trade,
That as he would his reſdens made
From hand to fote, from knee to wriſt,
And ruelo his maiſter as him lyſt.
With peomen wil I dwel no moze,
(Quoth he) foz feare of handling foze
Noz part I trow from gentle blood
The Spider in like caſe he ſtode.
He made his cobwebs where he wold,
And in his lodging was as bolde
As any one may be at home,
And further ment he not to rome.
He found no mayd his reſt to let,
They wer to other labour ſet:
Thus Gowt and Spider were ful glad,
That they their maiſter changed had,
And ſo I leaue them foz this this tyme.
And here knit vp this croked ryme.
This tale is written foz your welth,
To ſhoe wherein conſiſtes our health:
I do but here example make,
Of thinges I truſt yee not miſtake,
Therby declaring as I can,
That euery griefe that coms to man:

Vyidle

By idle life doth grow and ſpring,
The Gowt is ſoner with a King.
Than with a weary labring Wight,
Why is it rather with the might:
Than with the meane, but for in deede,
That hunger makes the pore man feede.
So diuerſly hee feedeth not,
As doth the Rich man well ye wot:
The Rich hath many a fine deuice,
His mynde and Diet is ſo nice.
He knowes not what to eat is beſt,
And makes full many a needeleſſe Feaſt:
To ſtore the luſt and pleaſe the Mouth,
With ſondry ſortes of things vncouth.
The Belly is no ſoner full,
The Bones muſt reſt and downe he wull:
Upon a Bed or in a Chayre,
Sits ſtretching when to take the ayre.
Hee ſhould goe walke the Fields about.
The want whereof doth breede the Gowt:
I meane of to mutch eaſe doth riſe,
Great harme and griefe in ſundry wiſe.
And moſt of thoſe that finely fare,
Without ſome ſickneſſe neuer are:
For eu'ry Meat muſt haue his kind:
In Stories olde I read and finde.
That man by Rootes and Erbs liu'd long,
And ſo grew Mighty large and ſtrong:
Both whole and ſound, and wel diſpoſde,
Untill our knowledge had diſcloſde.
That fleſh was ſweete and fiſh good meate,
But when thereof we gan to eate:
A ranker Bloud that Fode did breede,
And cauſ'd more humors than did neede.

Note

And altred so our liuely vayns
With swelynge strange, wit; bots and blayns.
That eu'ry peere diseases nue,
Within our bodyes dayly grue.
And yet as our new feeding change,
Diseases come which are so straunge:
We cannot name them in their frame,
Nor seeke remedy for the same.
Some die that never semeth sicke,
Some liue and would be buried quicke:
Their payns they are without redresse
We cannot euery greefe expresse.
That riseth of our ryotts great,
And surfets that we take of meat:
The Plowman hath no feare of that,
Though that the Spider and the Gnat.
Within his house their pleasure take
The Gowt doth seldome him awake
He lets the spider kil the flye,
And from the gout ful safe doth lye.
When that the gentle man is fayne,
The cursed Gowt for to retayne.

A DOLLFVLL DIS-course of two Straungers, a Lady and a Knight.

DRawneare good mynds that sadly markes,
the sway of worldly broyles
And here what I at large can say
of troblous tombling toiles.
Which did befal in forrain land,
twexne two of noble race:
To whose mishap and hatefull fate,
a world it selfe geues place.
Not long a goe the case so stode,
a knight of great estate.
(In native soyle by destnies lot)
a ladyes fauour gate.
With whō he ioynd a hazard great,
his liking led him so:
That neither fear of frowning Gods
no dread of earthly foe,
Could make him staine his plighted
such constant mind he bare, (troeth
For which this second Phenix may.
with Turtel true compare.
But wel away alas for woe,
His grieke therby began:
In prince displesure throw this prāk
tel low this faithfull man
And Cesar frowning on the fact
ther was none other bote:
But flie the realme or prostrate fal,
Full flat at Cesars fete.

Note

O states by this come learne to stoupe,
no stoutnes can prevaile:
When from the Heauens stormes do blow,
and striketh downe your saple.
From Thunder cracks both man and beast,
yea Sunne and Mone doth flye:
The Earth and al that liues below,
doe feare the ratlyng skye.
When Gods are moued, in louring clowds,
lyke dusky Mantels black:
The troubled ayre to mortall men,
doth threaten ruin and wrack.
I turne my talke from such discourse,
and treat of that tormoile:
Which long this Knight and Lady felt,
at home in countrey soyle.
And somewhat of the cares abroade,
that be perforce did taste:
I meane to wryte so that as troth-
my verses be embraste.
For troth and time that tries out Gold,
hath tempred so my talke:
That pen nor muse no pleasure takes,
on doubtfull Ground to walke.
Now when these states with links of loue,
were tyde together fast:
And manya sad and beauy thought,
betweene them both had past,
Of Princes grace and fauour great,
(to which regard they toke:
As chiefest thing and onely cause)
whereon they ought to loke.
They wayd in Ballance of their breasts,
what fittest serude their turnes:

And

And like as wood takes flame of fyre,
and so to synders burnes.
So through the heape of this mishapp, Note
they felt such sorrow thoe:
As though hard destny swore they should,
consume themselues with woe.
The Lady lost her freedome strayght.
the Gods had so decreed,
Her knight by soden flight abroad,
made vertue of a neede.
And liuing ther w lingring hope,
in forrayn country straunge.
Where absence might through present toyes
in some men worke a chaunge,
He stode as ferme as marble stone,
and kept both troeth and tutche,
To her who found few frendes at home,
and harts disease was mutch,
Yea though this Knight with offers greate,
and treasure tempted was:
(As they full wel can witnes beare,
which saw this matter pas)
Yet smal account of Fortune nue,
he made for stil in breast
Was shryned the saynt that stony wals.
and prison had possest.
No feere nor frind, nor fellow mate,
this Troylus mind might moue:
This Fawcon scorned to pray abroad,
at home he left his loue:
Ful many a sighe and heauy loke.
he sent along the Seas:
And wisht himselfe in fetters fast,
to do his Lady eas

What grief of mynd and torment strange
she suffred al that while:
Is knowen to those that bondage feeles
whose frendes are in exile.
Could mischief fall on both the sydes,
more harder then it did?
The one from ioy and worldly pompe
in prison closely hid.
The other forst by fatal chance
to seeke his fortune out:
And shonning daunger found dispayre
in wandring worlde about.
But waying wel a subiectes state,
and what was duties boundes:
He yeelded straygbt to open harms
for feare of secret wounds.
And ventring life, yea landes and goods,
to kepe his name from blot:
(And to requite with hazardes hard
the loue that he had got)
From spaine with spede he did returne
and setting foote on lande:
He put his cause in Iustice dome
and noble Princes hand.
Though in the poke with free consent,
the humble hart did fall,
The heauens stode so out of tune
he gate no grace at all
And clapped vp ful fast in hold,
a prisners part he plaies:
Wher griping griefs and greuous grones,
consumde his gladsom dayes.
Whiles he aloofe full long remaind,
and out of daunger crepte:

The dolfull Dame in great dispayre,
his absence sooze bewept.
Yet great regard to promise past
she had as wozld wel wist:
And therfoze often wzong her handes,
when that her knight she mist.
But now began the boystrous blastes
to blow in blody brest:
And now the golfe of sighes and sobbs,
burst out with great vnrest.
Foz loe, one house belde both these wights
yet both a sonder were:
And both in lyke displeasure stoode
yea ech of both in feare.
Of Princes wrath and wozldes disgrace,
a beauy tale to tel,
A plague past hope of heauens blisse.
a tozment and a hell:
That is without redemption sure,
but what should moze be sayd
Thus vnder locke and barred doozes,
these Jewels safely layed
They must abyde the happy houre
that god appoyntes in skies
And dzinke vp water swete oz sowze,
oz what shal hap to ries.
The prison then did plead their case.
the walles both deaffe and dum,
Did showe by sines of fredome goone,
what sozows wear to come.
The skreeking Owle in silent night,
at window clapt his winges,
To thzenten death oz badde successe,
of sundzy doubtful thynges

No ioy-

No ioyful sound was hard with eare,
no newes of happy yeares:
No pleasure to the pinched hart
in prison strong appeares.
Note. Admit the Lute with touch of hand,
a beauy dompe doth shoe.
A cooling comfort Musike bringes
to wretches wrapt in woe.
No mirth with mourning mone may matche
for mischiefe measure lackes
And care consumes the mynd of man,
as fyre meltes Virgin Wexe.
In silly Sell, and seuerall place.
these two estates did sit
Whose comming out did far surmount,
the compas of their wit,
As long they spent their tikle tyme,
in teene and terrour greate,
So oft god wot of matters harde.
in head did hammers beate.
Now hoping that the cloudes would calme,
and stormes would stand at stay:
Then looking when the planets torne
their course another way.
But shaken shippes in Seas do sincke,
when surges ries aloft:
And vnder waues (for want of ayde)
weake vessels welter oft.
So that no hope of succour semes
to come when tempests rage:
Except the gods draw backe the plagues,
and wynd and weather swage
The present panges and parlous thoughts,
that pearceth troubled minds:

As know:

Is knowne to none but such I say,
that lacke of freedome finds.
A prisner bears a simple port,
most glad to please and pipe:
As subiect to the keepers becke,
and iellouse Geillors eye.
Now trasing out a wearie walke,
now whilst and quiet stands:
Now downe on knees, now to the clouds,
lokes vp with stretched hands.
Now listning after happy newes,
now nipt with sorrows old:
Now sore abasht and brought in muse,
now mirrie stout and bold.
Now ripe and ready for to speake,
now dombe and dare not store:
Now fearefull of ech sodaine sound,
and clap of eu'ry doore.
Now bent to beare and suffer wrong,
now full reposde on right:
Now faine to fawne on feeble folke,
now setting all things light.
These passions stil awakes their spyrets,
that carefull captiues are:
Such smart they taste, such bread they
that feedes on loaues of care. (bite
Yea some are seru'd with chaunge of
yet touch they neare a dishe: (meates
But sits like Tantalus in Hell,
and wants that most they wishe.
These twaine I troe were not so vsde,
but yet when best they sped:
On beany mossells mixte with mone,
their hungry stomacks fed:

Note

No

No day stoode free from Fortunes foile,
no houre but noysht feare:
No season seru'd to salue the sores,
of sooking sorowes there.
No drinck could coole the fury hot,
of thraldoms thirsty throte:
No pleasant verse nor ditty framd,
to dollors dollful note.
No booke nor story might reuiue
their drowping dead delite:
For through the thoughtes of thirled hartes
are pleasures banisht quite
To slowth, to slepe, and mirthles moods,
their dompish dayes enclynde:
As from the clue of worldly cares,
should threde of lyfe vntwinde
Dispiesd the night abhord the daye,
and hated hour of birth:
Though: skorn of foode, and clean forsooke
the pleasures of the earth.
Would fayne haue lost both speech & breath
and loke when hartes would burst:
Beleu'de they were in mothers womb,
dyels in cradel curst,
Though drousie dreed, diddeath despyte,
and greefe sought quicke dispatch
There was no parting from the place,
til day discharge the watch.
We cannot pay our borrowde breath,
before thappointed houre:
The end of strife nor stay of state
standes not in peoples powre.
The God that guides the heauens hie.
in secrete doth beholde

The fine

The fine, and fleting feeble course,
of earth and massy molde.
The hart may heaue, the breast may bloe,
the body sigh and swelt.
The face by open signes may show
of priuy passions felt.
But all these stormes haue little force
to rid mans wretched dayes
As by these partyes playn I proue
through tormentes sondry wayes.
Wel those from whom the Gods restrayne,
the scope, and vse of wil.
Must bend the bake and bow the ioyntes,
to beare the burthen stil
And yet no toyle nor greefe so great,
but lyndes at length some eas:
There follows after swelling floods,
a quiet calmy Seas
By meane of suite and labours long,
and gracious Prince in deede:
A sweeter sayle these Prisnars found,
that better bloud did breed.
But kept apart as Fortune shapt,
and so in silent shade:
(As place and time did licence graunt)
a freshe complaynt they made:
Of croked chaunce and straunge extremes:
that sondred faithful hartes:
Whose sugred loue was euer mixt,
with baell and bitter smartes.
And neuer after like to meete,
nor set no eye nor bewe:
The one vpon the other Lord,
a matter mutch to rew.

Longe

Long in the broyle of this conflict,
and battel of the mynd:
They past their time with bare beleefe.
of better hap behynde,
And wearing out with waylinges long,
their wearye lives god wot.
And fynding bauen choked vp,
wher passage should begot.
At auker vnder watch and warv,
in tossed barke they lay:
From whence ther was no quiet meanes,
nor hope to skape away.

Note The Lady now for last farewel,
betoke her selfe to tears:
And of dispaire in persed brest,
a double portion beares.
Her hollow cheeks and dasled eies,
declard her death was neere.
And bade her kepers to prepare,
both shrowding shete and Beere
For nature did denye her life,
her hart was taynted soe:
That cankred thought should come ful sone,
and make an end of woe.
Her colour chaungde her cherful lookes,
and countnaunce wanted spreete
To sallow ashes turnd the hue,
of beauties blossoms swete.
And drery dulnes had despred
the wearish body throw:
Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse.
to doe their dutey now.
The bloud forsoke the wonted course,
and backward gan retyre:

And

And laſt the limbs as could and ſwarfe.
as colds that waſtes with fyre.
The moyſture taken from the tree,
The leaues drop down apace
When ſap dries vp and faples the rote.
the braunches loſe their grace.
Some bowes you ſee do floriſh fayre,
and groes a goodly height,
And ſome vp froſt, and cold ayre nipt,
and ſo are blaſted ſtreight.
As euery fruit and floure in field,
do yeld to ſodayn claps.
So all that breathes with liuing ſoule,
are ſubiecte to miſhaps
How ſhoulde this dame deſyre to liue,
that hourely woze away:
Who would not ſhed ſom tears to ſe
this tender twig decay
What ſtony hart could ſuffer moze,
and beare with euen hand:
The wearp weight of wozldly woes,
and whiſke oz whipping wand:
And when ſhe ſaw her houre approche,
and death his duty craue.
And ſhe amid her cheekeſt prime.
muſt goe to gredy graue.
She tooke of wozld a noble leaue,
and calling foz a frend:
(Who liueth yet and can repoze
how ſhe did make an end)
She ſayd with lowde and comly voyce,
O wozld I thee forſake:
I haue bene here a pilgrim longe,
and now my leaue I take.

Note

Of al

Of all thy Pompe and pleasures vayne,
that makes my senses blind:
Whose glorie doth begin with payne
and endes with greefe of minde.
In dongeon depe of daynty thoughtes,
Thou holdest euery wight:
And feedes their foolish fancie still,
with topes and trifles lighte
Thy prisnar was I borne to be
and Adams children all:
(Like captiues here condemde to die)
must suffer for his fall.
But now the cheins and lothsome lincks
that lay on shoulders weake.
(And all the bandes and clogges of care)
in sheuers smal shal breake,
And I from cage shal mount the skyes,
more swift then bird with wing.
And flickar like a simple doue
where shining Angels sing.
I bring a badge and liuery both
that my good maister, CHRIST:
Did leaue for such as bears his crosse,
through fogges of worldly mist.
Yea shaking of this sinful soyle,
me thinke in Clowdes I se:
Among the perfit chosen Lambes,
a place preparde for mee.
Here is no home nor harbring house,
but cabbens built on sand:
That euery pirrie puffeth downe,
or stil on props doth stande.
Our Fathers spreetes possesse in peace,
the country that wee craue:

We are

Wee are but ſtraungers far from home,
that nothing certayne haue.
Theſe were hir woꝛds and many moe,
which follows as ſhe ſpoke:
I did (qd ſhe) by bꝛyttell lyfe,
O Loꝛd, thy wꝛath pꝛouoke,
Foꝛ which I now repent me ſoꝛe,
and truſting to receaue,
Free pardon foꝛ my foꝛmer faulles,
eare ſoule ſhall body leaue.
My faynt and feeble beſſell fraple,
ſo feares thy Juſtice great:
That it appealles from curſſe of lawe,
vnto thy mercy Seat.
I am but woꝛmes meate well I wot,
all Fleaſh is nought but graſſe:
To Earth and Aſhes out of hand,
muſt all my pleaſures paſſe.
I want the foꝛce, thou haſte the myght,
to ſtriue with Death and Hell:
Thou art the Rock, the coꝛner Stone,
the Fountayne and the Well.
From whom the Spꝛings of life muſt runne,
and vnto whom agayne
The thirſty ſoules, and hungry Hearts:
foꝛ help do trudge a mayne.
Who hath bin waſhed in thy Bloud,
is whiter than the Snowe:
O let the ſtreames and flood of grace,
with fauour on me flowe.
In Booke of lyfe, let wꝛyte good Loꝛd,
my name among the reſt:
That oꝛdayn'd weare, eare woꝛld was made,
to ſleepe in Abrams Bꝛeſt.

Blot out the bleamish of my brow,
that at the latter day:
May strike the Conshens with dispayre,
and cloaked crimes bewray.
Giue boldnesse to the bashfull spyte,
that feares from hence to flitte:
Make hope, and fayth now ferm to see,
great God in glory sitte.
Note. With closed hand than brest she knockt,
so gaue a sigh and stayd:
And then conceyu'de some inward ioy,
with cheerefull face she sayd.
Do mourne no more O trembling soule,
that knowes not where to staye:
Come from the kaytiffe carrayne corps,
and cabben made of claye.
And looke vppon the Lamb of God,
whose death thy raunsome payd:
That blessed babe the virgins Sonne,
that borne was of a mayde.
Come silly byrd out of the Den,
where naught but darknesse is:
And looke on everlasting light,
and louing Lord of blis.
The lusts of flesh and worldly pomp,
I hope are quenched in me:
Through fayth alone from sin and bond,
I haue escaped free.
And with that word in signe of ioy,
a Psalme full loud she sange:
The sollempne noyes and sound thereof,
thorowout the chamber range.
And ending that to prayer streight,
of hir own minde she fell:

The ſtanders by whoſe teares burſt out,
at this hir laſt farwell.
Began to giue hir comfort than,
of life and welfare both:
Yea liue I ſhall and do right well,
(qd ſhe) I know for troth.
But that is in a nother world,
the hope of this is gone:
And reaſon is it ſhould be ſo,
for herre there lyueth none.
But ſees the vaynneſſe of our ſtate,
and taſtes ſutch torments ſtill:
That ſundry times, they wiſh themſelues,
from hence with right good will.
Heare is but toyle and ſweate of Browes,
and endleſſe labour found:
And nothing reapt but wretched wrak,
and brooken ſleepes vnſound.
Where I ſhall go I ſeace from payne,
and ſo ſutch ioy poſſeſſe:
As heart ſkarce thinks, nor head cõcepues,
nor tongue may well expreſſe.
Than holde your peace, knit vp your talke,
and trouble not the ſpreete:
That drawes from hence and hopes it is,
for better place more meete.
A Lady thoe that vertue lykte,
and there ſome credit had:
Replyed and ſayd O noble dame,
in deede you are to ſad.
Theſe panges ſhall paſſe, theſe fits ſhall fade,
and all theſe paſhons dye,
As they haue done whan you full oft,
in ſutch like ſort did lye.

O Madame speake no more of that,
my time drawes on (qd shee)
I shall not dye, but make exchaunge,
of breath and life I see.
The Glasse is run, the Clock will strike,
Death doth approche a pace:
My course is done, the Iudge drawes neere,
to sit vpon my case;
No longer heere I may abyde,
the packing day is come:
Death byds me now vnarme my selfe,
and heere the mortal Drum.
That cals me hence, as naked sure,
as to the World I cam:
The course of Nature shewes me to,
that Earth and Dust I am.
The Harrolde of long home is sent,
to Sommon mee in haste:
Than stay mee not for in that poynct,
both Teares and Words yee waste:
Yet eare I part, good frends (qd shee)
beholde what hope I haue:
And note what fayth and Badge of Christe,
I cary to my Graue.
And marke, how I confesse with mouth,
that Christe hath shed his Blood
For me, and those that earst in state,
of deepe damnation stood.
And by his Pashon I am sau'd,
and not by my dezarts:
But by the help of him that knows,
the thoughts of secret harts.
Now staying heere, she lookt about,
and to a Knight shee spake:

And

And him desired with humble words,
that he the paynes would take:
To show the Prynce what past hir mouth,
O tell him syr quod she:
This is the sute and last request,
that must be made by me.
Unto his highnes whose estate,
our blessed Lord mayntayne:
And pray him to forgiue me now,
for I confesse it playne.
I made a fault, and sore offence?
when I agaynst his willl:
Estrang'd my self from his good grace,
for any hope or skill.
But from my byrth vnto this day,
my heart and thought was cleere:
From breach of subiects duty sure,
and I protest it heere.
I neuer ment nor purpos'de yet.
in worde in deede nor thought:
No harme (nor lodgd one ill conseyt,
nor spark of euell sought)
To him as God may witnesse beare,
is that which now I speak:
Saue now alas by ouersight,
of feeble fancies weake.
I feele and finde the pryce thereof,
and suffer for the same:
An open check and pryuy plague,
and pynching publike blame.
I hope his highnesse hath forgot,
the fault I did commit:
And as he is a noble Prynce,
in regall throne to sit.

And iudge his subiects causes all,
so hope I of his grace.
Hee wil receyue my children poore,
and help there beauy case.
O God forbid for mothers fault,
the Children should a bye:
No grayne of grudg, nor ground of guilt,
in guiltlesse Babes doth lye.
I do bequeath them now qd she,
vnto the Princes hands:
In hope the fauour that they fynd,
shal ease the Fathers bands,
My nature showes a morning cheere,
to part from them God knoes:
For children finde small comfort heere,
whan hence the mother goes.
If God moue not the Princes mynde,
to pitty their estate:
Note. Now as this Lady dyd at large,
about hir Babes debate.
Upon hir deere bought Jewell than,
she cast hir only thought.
Yea for whose sake and great good will
she was in trouble brought.
And pausing on this matter through,
a beauy sigh she gaue.
O good sir knight sayd she to one,
a thyng of you I craue.
Commend me to my worthy frend,
and byd hym comfort take:
And hope in God and Princes grace,
though I do World forsake.
He may do well and fredom get:
but mee hee shall not meete:

Tyll

Till from the Caue of pampred fleash,
departes his groning spreete.
Whyles Lyfe I had I honord him,
and safly kept my Vowe:
As lyfe dyd bynde me bys in all,
so Death doth louse me nowe.
From him and all my Worldly lopes,
but though my frend I leaue.
On high where dwels a greater frend,
(if hope not mee deceaue.)
I trust to see bys Babes and bym,
and though mutch griefe it is:
To leaue them heere in bitter bale,
yet note I goe to blisse.
Where is no mynde of combrous cares,
nor cause of sorrow knowne:
O tell bym that aboue I hope,
these storms shalbe ore blowne.
And as a skroule is lapped by,
yea so shal al things heere:
(When soule shalbe immortal made)
bnto our bewe a peere.
No sooner of the soule she spoke,
but sodayne chaunge began:
In lookes and Lyms of deadly showe,
with collor pale and wan.
The Eyes dyd stare, the Body streatch,
the strength and force did fayle:
The teeth they chattered in the Cheeks,
the hands did quake and quayle.
The mouth did fome, the head did shake,
the flesh it quiu'red fast:
The Feete wart cold, the Face did sweate,
ful swyft the Pulles past.

A right figure of Death.

A Paterne of Death.

The heart dyd beaue and beate in breast,
the breath like Earth dyd sent:
At Eares, and Nose the stynkled ghost,
and vitall lyke sought vent,
Though gasping Breath brought pashons on,
and gript hir heart ful hard:
Yet showd she through thole sharp assaultes,
to friend a great regard.
And calling for a boxe of Rynges,
among them chose she won:
In which was set by conning Art,
a ritch and Pretyous ston.
Hold carry this qd she good Syr,
to my deere noble Knight:
He can remember what that stone,
presents vnto his sight:
The other token that I send,
it is a weyghty Ryng:
Best likt and deerest bought God wot,
of any earthly thing.
And when yee shall gieue hym this gyft,
desire him well to mynde:
The little Imps the pretty Soules,
the Babes I leaue behynde.
And byd hym bryng them vp in feare,
of GOD and Prynce I say:
Loe! that is all I dorequyre,
of him my dying day.
I haue no golde to send my Babes,
but blessing I them giue:
Which God confyrm with grace good store,
As long as they shall lyue.
O yet there is another Ryng,
which loe my loue must see:

Where is my Picture: death I meane,
and tell my friend from me,
That I as colde and senseleſſe to,
shalbe in little space:
As is that shaddow dom and deaff,
and spriteleſſe shape of Face.
This don she turn'd hir head a side,
and bad them all farewell.
Twere good quod she in signe of death,
I hard the passing Bell,
For such as lyue may pray the while,
and know when Bell doth toule.
Into the Bowels of the Earth,
the body parts from Soule.
Yet meete they shall when Trumpet sounds,
and that the dead aryse.
And both together shall assend,
I hope to starry Skyes
Wyth this began the Battayle fyerce,
betwene hir lyfe and death.
Like ghost she lay, whiles hart did grone,
and mouth gapte wyde for breath.
Than sayd she Lord into thy hands,
I doe commend my spreet.
And so hir selfe clos'de vp hir Eyes,
and hid hir head in sheet.
And went away like Infant ponge,
cleane voyde of stozm or rage.
Or like a body faules a sleepe,
that cannot speake for age.
Thus breathleſſe lay this Lady now,
lyke weyghty lomp of clay,
(That earst had lyfe and feeling force)
and past like flowre away.

But

But whan the newes of this was brought,
vnto hir Playfeers eares:
With rozering voyce, and blubbzed eyes,
there guſhed out ſuch teares,
That witneſt well wit outward ſignes,
what woe hee felt wythin.
And truly tolde when ſhe did ende,
his dolour dyd begin.
Bereft of ſleepe, and robb'de of reſt,
he romed vp and downe,
And caſt of weedes of woꝛldly Pomp,
and clapt on mooꝛning Gowne.
No eaſe noꝛ pleaſures coulde poſſeſſe,
noꝛ feele the taſte of meate.
Reſolu'de to pyne and ſtaruе himſelfe,
his griefes they weꝛe ſo great,
No councel coulde him comfoꝛt long,
and ſtyl alone hee dꝛue,
To mooꝛne, and moane, to houle, and cry,
and make complaynt a nue.
And woꝛn away with woful Sygbes,
when ſoꝛrow helped not.
At length the lyfe muſt be ſuſtayn'de,
with ſome reliefe pee wot.
But how hee takes this miſchiefe yet,
and how the matter goeth:
It paſſeth farre my reatch, and wit,
to iudge I tell you troeth:
His Lady gon as you haue beard,
when dayes and yeares were ſpent,
In thzaldom long, yet after that,
was better foꝛtune ſent.
Foꝛ in to Pꝛinces grace agayne,
he cam bꝛ bleſſed chaunce:

And so bee lyues in open World,
where vertue may aduaunce:
Both him and many thousands more,
that noble lyues doe leade,
And wysely walke with vpright mindes,
and steps of honour treade,
Loe heere you Dames of high renown,
a Ladyes death set out:
Whose lyke for layth, full fewe shall finde,
that seekes wyde World about.
To God and Pryncе repentaunt sure,
to World a Myrrour bright:
Wherefore with Tongue, and true report,
resounde hir prayse a right.

FINIS.

The Rode made by Syr VVilliam Druery Knight, into Skotlande, from the East Seas to the West (vvith sundry Gentlemen of good calling) for the reformation of such causes as the Queenes Maiesty and hir Counsayle thought conuenient. In the 13. yeare of the raygne of our Soueraygne Lady Queene Elyzabeth.

The names of the Captaynes, and Gentlemen in his company.

Syr Thomas Manners.
Syr George Cary.
Syr Robert Constable.
Syr Ierome Bowes.
M. William Knovvls.
M. Henry Cary,
M. Robert Knovvlls.
M. Michaell Cary.
Captayne Cary.
Captayne Carull.
Captayne Austell.
Captayne Edington.
M. Edmond Varney.

My Lord of Sussex Iorneis I set out in my second Booke.

MY Lord of Sussex, now lord Chamberlayne, hauing finished two famous and notable roades into Skotlande, which I haue written of (as chargeable as paynfull, & of no smal credit & pollicy) rested a season at Barwick, by reason of a sickenesse taken by ouermuch trauel of body & minde in the seruice rehearsed, & reposing himself in that towne for ꝑ benefit of health thought necessary (in the present explots & seruice expected) to institute another generall for the execution of such matters as he himself would gladly haue taken in hande, if sickenesse had permitted: and because eche gentleman souldiour & seuerall bandes should dutifully obey (in all poincts & warlike order) the nue generall chosen for this purpose, my Lord of Sussex made an oratiō in such forme & maner as throughly explayned ꝑ whole substance of the seruice, the vnsurety of the season, the difficult dealing of diuers Aduersaries, and vttered the excellency of an Orator. At whose eloquence the beerers rather stoode astonyed than vnsatisfied in any poynct or parcell, wherein he opened the bowels of rebellion, the practise of enemies, and subborning of Traytors, and earnestly persuaded euery honest minde, to be mindefull of his Prince & Countrey, in the liberty whereof, both life and lyuing is alwayes to bee offered, after whych Oration as custome is (for seruyce past, &

past, and things to come) he made these Knights that here are mentioned, Sir VVilliam Drury, Sir Thomas Manners, Sir George Care, and Sir Robert Constable, and placing the Generall in full authority, he committed them to God & the good conduct of the Chieftayne: then presently with professed obedience eche man desired to do a daies seruice, to venter his lyfe, to shed his bloud, or shewe his duety. Whereupon, and as great & weighty cause moued, my Lorde of Sussex commaunded them to marche forward, and so they did, and made that night a greater march than was looked for, & yet no lesse speede than was needful: by which forwardnes, sodain exercises of Armes (& a brute blowē abroade of a more sooner departure) th'enemies were discouraged & hindred of their hope, & our men made maisters of the field, and possest in a maner their wish & desired hap, at the leaste taking aduantage of the time, they preuented the push of a perillous & present pollicy, & auoyded the danger of a troublous time to come. For the enemy regardinge our readinesse & desire of encounter with them, retyred so fast backward, that all their labour was lost which they tooke in hand before. And now were they somewhat abashed ẏ before bled ouermuch boldnes, yet in doubtfull ballance stode the weight of this iorney, considering what followed by ẏ fineneſſe or falshod of double meaning frends (beside the daūgers insidēt to the hazards of fortune) our people being thought at ẏ first to be great in nūber, were suffred to marche where they pleased, but the enemy aduertised of our small power, not only lyke chaked Boares began to pluck vp the brissels, but also bruted abroad we were takē in a pitfold & had nede of a treble company to accōplish the exploit takē in hād. And after our powre had passed Edenbrogh towards the force of ẏ aduersaries, the secret practisiens of mischief in ẏ town, set sodainly on our Lackeis: & such of ẏ traine as could not cōueniently follow ẏ Camp with expeditiō, were in daūger to fal in ẏ fury of those blodsuckers ẏ delighted in slaughter, who

Note.

sought

ſought by ſutteltey to bring poore weaklings to the mercy of ꝑ ſword. But this boldnes & audatious dealings, hindred no whit the hope of our general, nor brake no peece of our purpoſed matter, for our Camp though it was but little, tooke great regard of their ſafety & honour, & knew ꝑ the enemies eſpials ſlept no more thā their ſleights, nor nothīg was kept more awaken than their common cōſent, for our deſtruction Which made vs ſo vigilāt & carefull, ꝑ euery man was bent to beare of the brunt of this buſines to the vttermoſt, with the pollecy of head, perrel of body, or hazard of life: & kept themſelues ſo faſt linkked together, that it ſeemed a thing impoſſible to break their order or daunt their corage, being reſolued to try by Sword and ſeruice the worſt or beſt, that fortune could do. And ſo marched onward as boldly & wyth as geat a ſhow as nothing could haue bin a let and impediment to their purpoſed enterpriſes. At the vew whereof the enemies were not only amazed but like wiſe ſtriken in ſutch feare they wiſt not what was beſt to be don, & finding their deuices diſciffred & ouer taken, (& their force & people, but weakly guided.) They inuēted to caſt another compas and ſo to frame by falſhood & treaſon a readier way for the execution of their wyles & wicked will, as hereafter you ſhall perceiue when I come to touch the perticulars. Our camp neither ſpared paynes, nor no exerſies of armes al this ſeaſon, and ſo approching many places on ꝑ ſodaine, they made the Enimy retyre & rayſed the ſiege of ſundry Townes as Glaſko & others which were to lōg to reherſe, yet alwayes as mildly and quietly as was poſſible in their paſſage outward they behaued themſelues: deferring the puniſhing of falſe brethren & deceiuable enimies, til ꝑ returne of ꝑ camp homeward again if god ſo ſhould ſuffer. And being maſters of the feloe and emboldned to march forwards by the happy ſucceſſe of their labours, they made as great ſpeede as they might to be at Dombrittain there to finiſh by fight or fauorable fortune, ꝑ greateſt hazard & toyle of this daunge-

The Duke Chattilleroy vvas at thys ſeege and vvēt avvay diſcoraged.

rous

rous iourney. And now was it come to ẏ vtter extremity, ẏ eyther ẏ enimy must deeply dissemble & worke some treasonable train, or openly stand at defence & point of the sword. Whereupõ they made a show & signe of great amity, & cloking pretensed mallice vnder a parle and communication of peace, they seemd to mislike no matter ẏ was ministred. As though they agreed to haue an vnity & reformatiõ for cruell wars & disorder crept in the common wealth by caueling & quarellous people, & offring in a maner all security & trust for the safe mẽting of the Lord Flẽming & Sir VVilliam Drury, who should throughly talke & debate of things thã most necessary & conuenient (to be amended, or at the leaste wise spoken of) so our general cõdescẽded to see what fruict this florishing frẽdship wold yeld. and giuing occasiõ of good liking & of no suspicious handling of this busines. Sir William Drury prepared himself to go a part from his power, offring to be armed or vnarmed. Alwaies prouiding if any of ẏ enimies had issued out of ẏ towne (for a trayne & false practise) he had a sufficiẽt band ready to resist al mischieues ẏ might follow. So as ẏ marshall maner is of meetings for such purpose, the Lord Flẽming & our generall preased in place, as al kinde of doubts & dangers stood voyd & clere of suspicion & free from all feare. But ẏ lord Flẽming cõtrary to our hope & against ẏ law of armes, by cautel & suttle sort had closly layde a bayte to betray Syr William Drury or caused twain of his souldiers at the very instant of meeting to shoote of their pieces, & thinking by ẏ death of the general a general disorder wold follow to further ẏ good fortune of ẏ faythlesse flock & disceitful dealers: & in deed for truth, our general was no sooner in daunger vpon trust, but this treason was put in proofe & present practise, for two seuerall shot were sodainly discharged ful in ẏ face of Sir William Drury, & the enimies misled but a little, the only mark they shot at. Notwithstanding Syr William Drury (as one resolued to reuenge iniury & falshed) stood so stoutly to his own busi-

nesse, that

nesse, that hee shot of both his Dagges, to the discourage & infamy of this vnlordly enterprise, and with a lowd voyce made a vow, that this lewd fact should not long escape vnreuenged. The Lord Flēming like a Fox to the hole, withdrew him to his hold, & our generall came orderly, & without harm from this hatefull hazard & vnaccustomed entertaynment of warre. And being retired in safety & the matter well disgested, a maruelous murmour and furious talke arose in our Campe among the whole multitude, and euery honest heart hated this barebrayne & hasty disorder, barbored, & hatched in ỹ bowels of a Crokadil. And surely this powder made such a smoulder & smoke, that sundry stout stomacks were sturred to anger, & set on a very flame by ỹ heat there of. And one of the chiefe & best credit next the generall, stept out & declared, that it was a dishonour to suffer a Generall to so worthy a band (& in the seruice of so mighty a Prince) so vsed & derided, and for that no such filthy fact should slēp in silence nor passe vnpunished, he would leaue to the posterity an example thereof for euer. Wherevpon he earnestly desired the Generals ipcence, that he might send an Harrold of Armes to the Lord Flemming, to know the cause of this vnwarlike demeanour, and further (qd he) it becommeth better myne Estate (because I am now vnder this Generall) than the Generall himselfe, to try out this quarell by combat and defiaunce of feyght. And more noble it was, that a gentilman souldiour should stand in those questions, than a Generall, considering his calling and office. To the which offer & good persuasion, the Generall gaue this aūswere. I haue my derre frend Syr George Care, great thāks to giue you in this behalfe: Albeit for the greatnes of your minde my thanks is to to small a recompence, but it standes me vpon to search out these matters to the vttermost, and so I would, were not my Cōmission and charge as yet knowe otherwayes to be employed: yet sence your sute is so reasonable (and the whole company and law of armes alows it)

I graunt

I grant you your request, and therein do as best shal seeme to your byrth and estimation, Syr George Cary (desirous of honour, and to see tretchery rebuked) strayghtwayes deuised a letter to bee sent out of hande whiles things were fresh in memory, and wrote such matter as hee minded to stand vnto what euer shoulde happen: the effect of whose letter follows word by word, as the Writer himselfe drue it out and deliuered it to the Herolde in the presence of a number.

¶ *The Letter of Syr George Cary.*

LOrd Flemming, if eyther your byrth or bringing vp had vvrought in you a noble mynde or estimacion of credite, hardly vvould you haue so mutch forgotten, and stayned your Honour, as in a parley of late vvith our General you dyd. At vvhom Vildly, and vnhonorably shooting you falced that assuraunce of Warre, vvhich Souldiours submit themselues vnto: And trayned him to your treason vnder trust, a thing heretofore not accustomed, nor presently to be allovved of. He assuredly pretēding your ovvne and your frendes good, commodity to your countrey, and quietnesse to the state: tvvice abased and submitted himselfe, cōming to confer vvith you thereof: But your Pride, joyned vvith a harmefull meaning to those that professe best vnto, and selfevvilfull vayne glory, vvithout cause vvhy, refused that vvhich reason and honour commaunded you to haue done? Therfore because his calling is presently vvith his charge better then yours, and myne not inferior. I sommon you, reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to bee yours, or els to maynetayne that trayterous Acte vvith your Person agaynst myne in fight vvhen, vvhere, or hovv you dare. Othervvise I vvill baffull your good name, sounde vvith the Trumpet your dishonour, and paint your Pictor vvith the Heeles vpvvard, and beate it in despight of your selfe. In the meane time I attend your answvere. From *Glasco* the. 22. of *May*. 1570.

Subscribed, *George Carey*.

¶ *The copy of the Lord Flemmings aunswere.*

GEorge Carey, *I haue receyued your brayneless Letter, makinge mention of my false and treasonable dealing against your Generall in shooting vnder trust, so vildly agaynst my Honour and trueth, trayterously trayned him vnder my trust, vvhich is altogether false*

and vntrue. And howbeit your Generall came by the house of Dunglasse, *by my appoynctment, vvhich I suffered and appoyncted one place of meetinge, sixe men of eyther party, vvhich he refused, and he departed, and certayne of his cõpany came bragging vp the Riuer side towards the same, and the ground thereabouts, shooting your Hargubusses against the same, I could do no lesse but presente you vvith such as I had. VVhereas you vvrite of your Generalls calling to bee presently better then myne, and yours not inferior, vvhen your Generall challengeth mee thereof, I shall giue aunsvvere: And as for you, I vvill not be inferiour to a better then you, or any souldiour vnder your Generalls charge. VVhereas you sommõ me, as you call it, reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to be myne ovvn, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte vvith my person agaynst yours: you shall vvit, I haue Gentlemen of Honor seruãt souldiours to me, as you are to your Generall, vvhich may be your fellovves, shall defend the same agaynst you and your false and vntrue inuented vvriting, and vvere not the charge I presint, or hovve soone I can be releeued of the same, I should lovvly my person, to meete you sixe english myles fro any other person Hovv be it ye be but one Souldier, assure your selfe this day forth, I vvill not receyue no such vayne inuẽted message, for I haue little to doe vvith Englishmen, yee may vayle vpon my honourable name as yee please. You shall haue as honourable Gentlemen as your selfe against you feighting. Take this for aunsvvere.* John L. Flemming.

LOrd Flemming, often the Flẽmings after noone aunsvveres, smelleth more of Wyne then Wit. But as the common eryme, the custome of their Countrey yeldeth them part of pardon: so your cõmon acquayntance, vvith the same condition knovvne to be very great, shal to me somvvhat excuse your Witlesse vvriting, vvherein first you disaloovv my right recitall of your trayterous dealing, by terminge it false and vntrue, for aunsvvere, knovv this, the truth my pen hath vvritten, by the vvitnes of a nũber. And my hande I vovv I shall maintayne the same before the World at all times: but you in denying it, haue both falsely and vniustly lied in your throate, and dare neyther defend nor disproue, that in deedes, vvhich in Words you haue don, vvhereas you vvrite that our generall passed *Dunglas*. By your appoynctment vvhich you suffred. Therein you do manifestly say vnhonorably and vntruely for that you had no knovvlege of our first cõming, but saluted vs vvith your shot, and vve likevvise skirmished vvith your men, euen at their ovvne strength, vntill vve vevved the Grounde abour at our pleasure. And touching the appoynctment of sixe of eyther part, easely that may be knovvn to be a playne lye, seeing vvee had neyther parle nor confe-

conference vvith you before, to appoynct place or meeting. But vvhere as you ſay you could do no leſſe, but preſent vs vvith ſuch as you had, therein you confeſſe and acknovvledge the diſhonor and treaſon that I charged you vvith al, taking vpon your ſelf that fault vvhich I ſuppoſed to haue bin of your ſeruaunts, for our generall retired his company far from him. And his trumpet being vvith you, approched himſelfe alone to haue parled vvhē vnder truſt you diſcharged tvvo Hargubuſſes againſt him, an act rather ſeemely for a covvardly traitour, thē one that profeſſeth to be a ſouldier, finally vvhereas you let mee vvit that you haue Gentlemen of honour, ſeruaunt ſouldiours to you that may be my fellovves, vvhich ſhould defend the chalēg that toucheth ſo neere your ſelfe, as vvith honour you ſhoulde not haue refuſed it. Firſt I thinke ſkorne to be any vvayes inferiour to you, though but a ſouldier, to honourable a name for you being better in Birth and vnſtayned vvith reproche as you haue bin. Secondly, I haue more and as good Gētlemen vnder my conduct, as you haue vnder your charge, vvhich ſhall aunſvvere as many as you can bring, if vvith number yee meane to combat, and vvill put them to that vvhich you dare not doe your ſelfe. But aſſure you, my quarell ſhall remayne euerlaſting, except the proofe of your ovvne perſon againſt myne may ende it, and vvhen you ſhall dare, come out of your Crovvſe neaſt, I vvill be ready to ride an hundreth Skottiſh myles, to meete vvith you in any indifferent place, and vntill that tyme I ſhall accoumpt you denoyde of honeſty, and honour vnvvorthy to marche vpon Grounde or to kepe company vvith men. *From Hamelton the. 29. of May* 1570.

Subſcribed George Carey.

THough many wayes were wrought by meſſage and threatnings to mout the Lord *Flemming* to defend with battaile the fault and folly committed, yet hee put on ſuch a Vizard of rebuke & ſhameles coūtenaūce that he faced out the matter, & ſhifted of the combat, by ſuch ſilly ſleights & ſubtelty, that all the audience might wonder at the weaknes of his courage, & the enimies clapping themſelues in ſauegard, gaue an occaſion to our men to loſe no further time about remedileſſe matters. For there coulde nothing grow on this buſines at ỳ ſeaſon, colde and bare Skyrmiſhes, neyther honorable nor worthy the tarry-

ſing ſoꝛ, as by tryall fell out afterwards. Theſe things ended and oꝛder taken foꝛ our returne from Donbrittane the camp marched homewards, & cõming to Glaſko where our powꝛe repoſed themſelues a whyle, & either then oꝛ ſone after they beſieged Hammulton Caſtell & tooke it, wherein there was ꝓ biſhop of ſainct Andros ſon, Lozd Daui, ſonne to the Duke Shattilleroy, & ſundꝛy gentlemen of Skotland and this caſtel ſubdued and blowen by was a terrour to the reſt, that as yet our camp had not viſited, and foꝛ the moꝛe ſigne of victoꝛy ꝓ generall bꝛought from this caſtell a dozen gwd bꝛas peeces which now remayne in Englãd. Eth thing rendꝛed, and put vnder the commaũdement and pleaſure of our generall at Hammulton, from thence, ꝓ camp marched to many places of impoꝛtance, & ouerthꝛue houſes & Pallaces that belonged to any notoꝛious enimy oꝛ falſefier of pꝛomeſſe & fidelity. Amõg the reſt was the Dukes houſe bꝛent a ſtately and delicate Pallace & thꝛee oꝛ foure myles about the ſame, was rauſackt and ſpoyled with flame and fier. A ꝓell called Netherrey, the Lozd Seactons houſe was by the enimies foꝛtified and yet the lady of the caſtell was glad to make humble petition on hir knees foꝛ the Generals fauoꝛ, and after hir ſute and ſubmiſſion, ſhe killed the keyes of the afoꝛeſayd ſeat, and deliuꝛed them from hir, by which humility ſhe found fauoꝛ at the Generals hand, cõditionally that a Baron ſhould be bound with hir ꝓ this caſtle ſhould euer heereafter be at the deuotion of the Queenes Maieſty our Myſtreſſe, and ſo the band was made and oꝛder taken. Another place called Commernawd, the Lozd Flemmings cheef houſe was yelded vpon great ſute made to the general who tooke the like band & oꝛder thereſoꝛe as was taken of Netherrey. The Lady Liddigtõ, great with child miſtruſting hir ſelfe (oꝛ hir huſbands double dealings towards our coũtrey) in great feare began to flee. But Sir William Drury

Battred. And rendered.

Chery.

bearinge

heereing thereof, sent hir word he came not to make warres with Women, but rather to shew pitty to the weake & comfortles & thereupon she stayd & had no further harm, I haue kept this in store as a thing to be throughly cõsidered, which is the cõming to Lithcoe, & the vsage therof don only for a speciall point of seuerity, & to terrifie ỳ stubborn stomacks & inconstãcnesse of proud people. The Generall hauing entred the towne called for the Prouost, and commaũded him to prepare with all expedicion to receiue a iust plague and correction through the whole Towne for treason, and vnpardonable offences committed. And declaring that the inhabitaunts thereof had succored and supported traytors to our coũtrey contrary to the leagues & quietnes of ỳ realms of England and Skotland, and for that cause he was fully resolued to ouerthrow that town & receptakul of traytors, and so commaunded ech Captayne and Souldiour what so euer they were vnder his charge to sẽ due executiõ on that, which he purposed, and taking good regarde that the goods thereof should not be possest by English souldiers, nor lost or cast away by behemency of fier, hee willed the Prouost to appoynt a place conuenient to bring the sayd goods vnto, whych might bee employed to the Skottishmens vse and commodity. And the Generall graunted vppon hys owne curtesy eu'ry noblemans lodging, and Captaynes house to be free from burning. The Enimies all this season beholding a far of the succesle of these matters. Thus as the day and houre approched for this determined execution, came the Earl Morton as intercessor, to intreat and sue for pardon if fauour might be purchased, and the Earle Morton brought before the General a multitude of wayling people, whose mourning and pittious cries was pearcing & importunate. The Generall heareing their requests aunswered. For many causes the town ought to be destroyed, considering howe diuers Enimies (whose proude Practises were

Prouisiõ vvas made for the preseruatiõ of sicke persons, women, Women, and children.

not to be suffered) had alwayes there a common resorte and conference, and further quod he the curtesie that is shewed to such places of repayre hath emboldned, the rest of Skotlande to vse open violence and secret villanies to the preiudice of Gods glory, hinderaunce of the weale publik and breach of good lawes and pollecies. Wherefore sayd he to ꝑ warning of thousands, and example of many, it was fit and most meete (in that case of extremity) to rase out such monuments of mischieues: and harbor of wicked conspiracies, and especially that towne hauing crakked credit in a bloudy action before, deserued now double affliction. Well yet notwithstandinge for all these earnest and threatninge wordes of Syr William Drury, the people of all sortes so pleased about him, and made such pytefull Crys and mone (with children lying on the ground suckinge of their mothers breastes,) that he was inwardly moued to rue on their wretched estate, and albeit in sundry seruises before diuers Skotishmen had naughtly discharged certayne shot at him (paraduenture by the practise of some there in presence) yet was he content vppon such conditions as hee thought good to receyue the town of Lithco to mercy. And ordayned by sure band and promesse that the Prouoste and chiefest of gouernment there should follow ꝑ camp, and at all times apeere when they were called for at Barwick, and there to submit them selues, their towne, and goods to the clemency of the Queenes highnesse, or such order as my Lord of Sussex by hir consent thought necessary, to whych bands, and cõditions they of Lithco agreed, for that their regent was slayne and none then instituted (to whom they had geuen sayth of allegiance) they cõfessed ꝑ none might commaunde theym any way without licence of hym that bound them in this seruitude, to whom both their promesse and Obligation was passed, and at this day by their apparancese hath beene prooued they are not discharged of thys

Homage

Homage and duty, to knit vp these matters (and reuenge some iniuries ỳ Duke Shatrilleroy had offred.) A house, of the Dukes house in Lithco, was blowen in the Ayre with powlder. Lithco brought in obedīce as you haue hard vnto some other parts of importance they marched, and casting the worst of mischieues that might fortune (consideringe their smal number, and the great practises were gon about to supplant their doings,) they thought not good to enter Edenbrough wythout standing so sure on their garde that they needed not to doubt any double or crooked measure: Which sure handling of the matter did not onely shew the deuisers thereof to haue good conduct and experience: but in deede also eschued an inconuenience as ill as a mischiefe. For the enimies had finely by fraude & cunninge, wrought such a feate (through the deuice of a fray to be made in the suburbes) that a great murther had burst out sodaynly, and no small bloodshed had bin set a broch by the same, if God and good guiding of ỳ people had not auoyded these harms and eminent danger. And to be plaine some inward motion moued the Generall so suspiciously, that he sent to ỳ gates at their first arriuall and there preuented the purposed cōspiracie, and no sooner entring the towne, but our whole powre kept themselues in order to cleere the Streates and commaund the Inhabitants the better. So consuming the nyght they stoode on their garde as the case required. And when the morning was come Syr William Drury, (smelling out a pad in the straw, & a foule flame couertly hydden) demaunded iustice, and straight punishmēt for such things as he would truly lay to the charges of some of the townes men, and tolde them if remedy were not sone prouided, and satisfaction made for the follies and outrage committed, he would be quickly reuenged to the displeasure and shame of al the mayntepners of this mad, and mischieuous presumption, after which words & whan thinges were wayed to the

Homage.

A Note of a Iourney to Kenell.

Syr Thomas Manners and two numbers vnder one Accent of Foote men vvas sent before to staye the Gates.

weyght of the cause, the towne deliuered the Generall certayne malefactours to be executed and ordred by his discretion, be seeing their submission, mercifully and frankly sent them away to their Captaynes, and so these Broyles were pacified and brought to a better frame and vniformity.

Now here is somwhat to be spoken of in ỹ happy successe of this little bande, if therein the disdaynfull misconstruer not my meaninge, and wresting troth to flattery (by consayte of enuious glorious minders) might murmur at the vertue and valor of those who this matter toucth. Wherefore I commit the iudgement of this Journey to such as hath bene or woulde bee in the lyke hazarde, and scrupte, yet minde I not to leaue out any poynct or peece that maye redound to these Souldiours renoume and estimation, because I woulde haue their prayses equally distributed among the fauorers of vertue and deseruers of good fortune I haue a little scene and somewhat red, but seldome hard & known a company so vnited and knit together, so obedient to dissipline of warre, and so peaceable in all respects and Purposes, yea surely it is to bee proued that some of good byrth and calling refused no seruiceable labour and toyle if the Generall but onely made a bare signe or shewe of hys determinat minde. And throughout ỹ camp with a mutual loue and inclination, they seem'd to beare a general burthē as euery member there had ben a naturall framed instrument to the vse of one body. And to foster and nourishe this crue of men in the marshall arte and rules of Warre was there prescribed good and quiet orders, and a Proclamatiō made that no man should take any thinge by violence nor without pleasing the people for the same. And further, if any found himselfe greeued, he was cōmaunded to repayre for redresse to the Generall and hys officers: Whose care and study was alwayes ready to minister iustice, as their whole doings declared, and namely at Lythcoe & Glaskoe, where two En-

Two faulters punished.

two Engliſh ſouldiers were ſeuerally punyſhed: The one in deed by interceſſion of the Lordes, and Gentlemen, was ſaued from hanginge, and the other was whyppped, as the merites of the man did require. Nowe hauinge ſhewed you the maner and order of this campe, and touched lightly in bricke the ſubſtaūce of ſutch matter as I think worthy the penning, I wil ſhew you of their marching homwards. When they had reſted a while in Edenbrough, they went towards Seatton, the Lorde Seattons chicke houſe, where the Lady of that ſoyle in lyke ſorte (as before is mentioned) preſented the Keyes of that place to the Generall, who made not onely a redelyuery thereof, but alſo gaue the Lady the houſe and all that belonged thereunto, to hir great contentation and his no little good report. A Journey after this was taken in hande to Anderweeke, with intent to ouerthrow the ſame alſo, yet on the ſuite and bondes of dyuers Gentlemen, the place was ſpared from ſpoyle and puniſhment, and the Offenders receyued to remiſſion. And than as occaſion ſought to finiſhe their trauayle, they drue neere the borders of England, ſpending about theſe things but. xviij. daies at the vttermoſt, a iorney to bee noted, and worthy to be regeſtred in perpetuall memory. Heere may you behold what a willing and valiaunt company may doe in little time, and what ouerthrowes and plagues are ſent by Gods prouiſion, to ſutch as breaketh the bounds of bleſſed orders, and forgettes the duety to common wealthes and chriſtianity. Thus in ſimple proſe I haue drawen out this ſeruice not mindinge therewith to eleuate or puffe vp with ouerweening the myndes of any one perſon that this giueth commendation vnto, nor meaninge to diſgrace no enimy, for that ſeaſon againſt whom this Journey was made. But this is written only to ſet forth truly and playnly the Actes and Affayres of our time, that ſutch as lyſt to

argue

argue and reason thereof, shall bee the better instructed of euery doubt or certaynty belonging to suteh a disputation.

So fare you well.

FINIS.

SIR SYMON BVRLEIS Tragedy, who lyued in the xj. yeare of Kinge Rychard the second.

Looke Frozard the last part. Fol. 108.

AM I of bloude, or yet of byrth so base,
O Baldwin now, that thou forgetst my name,
Or doth thy Pen, want cunning for that case.
Or is thy skill, or senses faullen lame,
Or dost thou feare, to blase abroade my Fame:
O shew some cause, wherefore I sit in shade,
And why is thus, my Tragedy vnmade.
Who thinks great skorne, in silence still to sleepe;
And on whose fall, a World may wayle and weepe.

Did Bocace lyue, or Lidgate wryte agayne,
Some hope were left, my Lantern should haue light
If any one, that had a Poets bayne.
Knew balfe my lyfe, or had my case in sight,
In colliors fine, I should be paynted right.
But gapinge Graue, and gnawing Wormes below,
Snapt Bocace vp, and Lidgate longe agoe,
And Poets sleepe, within Parnassus Mounte,
Where loe! of mee, they make but small accounte.

O Bald-

O Baldwin yet, what blot was in my Brow,
That made the blushe, or feare to write my fall:
With what offence, can World cum charge me now
That I may not, for Baldwins fauour call.
Yea durst I clayme, the helpe of Poets all,
I doubt their skill, could skarcely shew in deede,
In this behalfe, the cunning that doth neede.
Well Baldwin well, if headlesse men might chide,
I know what check, and blame should Baldwin bide.

How couldst thou reade, in stories any while,
And so skip ore, my life and destney straunge:
Thou knowst, how hap, one mee full long did smile.
And that my state, stoode free from doubt of chaunge,
I spronge not forth, of such a simple Graunge:
That I should dwell, in dust from mynde of men,
While others are, set out by arte of Pen.
Thou dost me wrong, wherefore the wounde to heale
(That sloth hath made,) to Churchyard I appeale.

Let him be Judge, of all my doings throw,
Let him vnfolde, my fortune sweete or sowre:
Yea vnto him, I tell my sorrowes now.
Whose restelesse hande, is writing euery howre.
And so I leaue, thee Baldwin in thy Bowre.
Of Lawrell leaues, where thou mayst sit and see,
At open vew, what Churchyard writes of mee.
But erre hee takes, in hand this worke of mine:
I tell my Tale, with weeping blubbring eine.

Syr Symon Burley complaynes to him that knowes what sorrow meanes.

Gieue

Syr Symon Burley.

Gieue eare good friende and heare what I shall say,
Note. And for the while, set all affayres aside:
But sure I feare, to short I finde the day.
To shew my griefe, that hardely can I hide,
Yet through I goe, and hope with happy tide.
Though hapleſſe wynde hath blowne my Barke about,
And daungers deepe, did dyrue my dayes in dout.
Since calme is cum, and quiet ease I haue:
Heare his complaynt that late crept out of Graue.

Though dead men speak not there is a meane to vtter griefes by degrees.

How should I speake, that houlds my head in hand
(Which senceleſſe scalpe, both syre and speech hath lost)
Yet out of breast, though headleſſe heere I stand.
I may blase forth, the griefes of gronnge Ghoste:
As from the Seas, that is with torments toste.
Coms roringe noyse, when calmes full quiet are:
So breathe I out, from Breast my broyling care.
Though head bee of, a smoakinge Fume proceedes,
From quaking Neck, and gushing Vaynes that bleedes.

Heare him I say, whose Bowels speakes alone,
And wants in deede, both vse of Tongue, and Wit:
Heare him that must by Arte com make his moane,
And lackes therefore, the Members meete and fit,
Heare hym that groanes, and howles from hollow Pit.
Heare him whose voyce, doth gieue a fearefull sounde,
Heare him that long, lay rotten in the Grounde.
Heare him whose playnt may pearse the lofty Skyes,
And for thy ayde, and Englishe verses cryes.

As na-

As naked ſure, as he was lapt in Sheete,
With deadly lookes, and griſely ſtaring heare:
Not like a man, but like a monſtrous Spreete.
Sent from the pit, to whiſper in thyne eare,
And make thee muſe, of World an other where.
For here as time, doth ſoftly ſteale away,
So life and lande, and all thinges doth decay.
No byrth nor blond, nor flocks of freends preuayles,
When ſturdy ſtorms, ſtrikes downe our ſtately ſayles.

No frends nor birth can bere of miſchaunce

The Ship muſt ſway, aſide or ſinck in Seas,
That ſhaken is, with ſhockinge ſurges ſtill:
The greeneſt graſſe, that growes in goodlieſt Leas.
To parteching heate, muſt yeld by reaſons skill,
What ſtone can ſtay, that rowleth downe the Hill.
What foote can ſtand. that Fortune dayly trips,
What liuing wight, can ſcape hir ſcorging whips.
No ſooner out of Shell or Mothers Lap:
But ſubiect ſtrayght to Sorrow, and Miſhap.

A man dayly aſſaulted with ſorrows, yelds of force to diſtruction.

The lyfe that ſome, moſt ſweetely do embrace,
To troubled teares, doth turne or wee bee ware
Wee are in loue, with fond Narciſſus face.
And drown'de our ſelues, in that whereon wee ſtare
And feede the fleſh, ſo long with daynty fare.
That Belly ſwelles, or Stomacke belcheth vp,
The Lyquor ſweete, that came from ſpiced Cup.
One dayes diſgrace, doth breede an endeleſſe ſore:
And payſe vs home, for all things paſt before.

One plague ouerthrowes many pleaſures.

Yet cli-

Yet climing vp the Tree of tickell truſt,
Wee ſtreache the arme, as farre as reach may go:
Til the falling blovv begin, the Tree on triumphe ſtandeth, Diſguiſ'de with pompe, and pampred vp with luſt.
We gaſe aloft, and neuer lookes belo,
Till hatchet comes, and giues the fauling blo.
Then crack it cries, and all in ſhiuers flyes,
That many a day, was mounting to the Skyes.
One ſtroke throwes downe, a thouſand Bowſe withall,
And ſutch as clyme, are cruſht by ſodayne fall.

Was I not one, that in toppe Galland ſtoode
And bare great ſway, with him that rulde the roſte:
Was not my houſe, ſprong out of Gentle bloode
Syr Symon brought vp at ſchoole vvith the Prynce of Wales and Acquitaunce. And was not I, longe time in fauour moſt:
Yes ſure I was, and therefore make I boſte.
At ſchoole brought vp, vvith Prynce of peereleſſe race
A playfeere long, with him in euery place.
My childhoode wan ſutch loue and lyking great,
That in mine age, I ſat in Senate ſeate.

Was not my Sier, about a Kinge eſteem'de,
Into Galatia to conduct Don Petro King of Caſtel. Sir Simon vvas ſent as one of cheſeſt for that purpoſe. And highly plaſt (whereby he purchaſt prayſe)
And neere the Kinge, in fauour as it ſeem'de.
Yea mutch made of, full long before my dayes
Was not I ſent, Embaſſer ſundry vvayes.
And did not I, my duty euery houre,
Vvyth payne and purce, as farre as ſtretcht my powre.
The Worlde well knows, what ſeruice I haue done,
And by the ſame, what honour I haue wonne.

My man-

My manhoode made mine enimyes fly like sheepe,
(Before the Wolfe that watcheth for his Pray)
My wisedome did, in peace the Commons keepe.
When Ihon of Gaunt, they would haue made away,
My presence oft, coulde quiet many a fray.
My councell colde, the rage of retchlesse heades,
My stoutnesse seru'de, the state in sundry steades.
My noble mynde, coulde neuer take no rest,
For publike wealth, I had such burninge brest.

Hee appeased an vprore in the Citty of London.

In Poiteou long, agaynst the French I was,
Where frontier warre, I bild and did full well:
And as I did through many a perill passe:
Att comming home, in Enimyes handes I fell.
And when in deede, my Prynce thereof heard tell.
He sory was, and spake of mee mutch good,
But as these things in wayght, and ballaunce stoode:
Our Souldiers tooke, a Duchesse of great fame,
Who at that time, of Burbon bare the name.

He vvan victory in a valiaũt fight, and yet cõming home vvas taken prisoner.

The Souldiours swore, that shee should neare bee free,
(Nor see bir Sunne, nor fynde a sparke of grace
Nor looke for hope) till she had raunsom'de mee.
And set mee safe, in good and quiet cace:
Loe what regard they had, in euery place.
Of mee those dayes, loe! how I was on heyght,
Loe! how I was, employde in thinges of weyght.
At home embrast, abroade well like with all,
Yea lou'de and fear'de, amonge both great and small.

The Ducheſſe of Burbõ prisoner and dyd Raunsome Syr Symon Burley.

When

Syr Symon Burley.

One paſkal was ſent frō the king of Nauar hether for ſuccour, and Kinge Richarde made Syr Symon aūſwere th'embaſſador, the Earle of Salisbury and other in preſence.

When forrayne friendes, did ſend for ſuccour heere,
Kinge Rychard bade mee aunſwere make therein:
In preſence then, there ſtoode a greater Peere.
But I was he, that did the fauour win:
To ſpeake and thus, mee creadit did begin.
And ſtill increaſe, as one whoſe Lampe in deede,
Coulde want no Oyle, the blaſe and flame to feede.
My Candell blaſ'de, ſo cleere, as Starre by nyght:
And where I came, the Torche gaue little light.

Kyng Richarde ſent hir to conclude a marriage and the Duke of Taſſon was ſent hether with Syr Symon from the King of Beam & Almayne aboute this matter.

And when the Kynge, for cauſes good and great,
Deuiſ'de to match with one beyonde the Seas:
T'was I was thought, moſt fit to worke the feate
And in this caſe, the Kinge I did ſo pleaſe.
Of marriage there, that Knot was knit with eaſe,
And ſo from thence, a Duke was ſent with mee:
For this behalfe, the ſtate of thinges to ſee.
Thus ſtill I was employd in great affayres,
As hap hir ſelfe, had hold me vp hir ſtayres.

He was Lord Chamberlayn.

An office heere, I had of great renowne,
A place neere Prynce, and ſtill in Courte to bee:
That might commaund, the people vp and downe
And thruſt them out, or call them in to mee.
Bad I them run, on flockes then would they flee
Bad I them ſtand, in deede they durſt not ſit:
I ſwayde them all, as Horſe is ruled by Bit.
I bare in hand, the Staffe that kept the ſtur:
And knokt their Pates, that preſt to neere the dur.

Lorde

Lord Warden loe! of the ſinck Ports I was,
And Captayne both, of Douer Caſtell thò:
Through Lordly roomes, and places I did paſſe,
As eaſely ſure, as man can wiſhe to goe.
I knew no Ebbe, my Tyde did daply floe:
I kept the trayne, I had the lyuely trope,
I helde vp heade, I neuer thought to dyope.
I went no where, but I was wayted on,
And ſhone in Pompe, lyke Pearle, or Preatious ſton.

Wher fortune ſmiles the World ſaunes.

Amonge the chicke, ye chiefeſt was I helde
My Prynce preferde, me ſo for vertues ſake
And what hee ſawe, I able was to welde
I bad, for which, I ſeldome ſuite did make
I ſtoode beneath, whilſt hee did Appells ſhake
Into my Lap, when-leaſt I looſkt therefore
As ſomewhat came, ſo daply followed more
By heapes as though, great mounts of maſſy Gould,
In my moſt neede, ſhould aunſwere what I would.

Fauour gieues more prefermẽts then mẽ can honeſtly craue.

The ſtouds of wealth, that doth refreſh the minde
Wyth gladſome thoughts, of threefolde ſweete delight
Came guſhinge in, againſt both Tyde and Winde,
On which fayre baights, ech Fiſh deſires to bite.
A careleſſe eye, I caſt, of Worldes deſpighte
That ſpurnes at ſutch, that Fortune lifts a loſt
A wicked Worme, that wayts on worſhip ofte:
A ſwarme of Waſps, that vſeth nought but ſtinge
On thoſe that ryſe, and rules about a Kynge.

Wealth glads the greedy mynde.

Syr Symon Burley.

O hatefull flyes, yee hatcht of wretched broode
On ev'ry diſhe, in haſt yee blow and bumme
O cankred men, of vile and naughty moode
You doe infect, all places where you cumme
You make ſmall ſhewe, yet ſounde as ſhrill as Drumme
In peoples eares, and ſtill your Poyſon reſtes
On noble myndes, and tender harmeleſſe Breſtes
Yee mallice mutch, the bigh and mighty ſorte
To kill good name, by brute of falſe reporte.

Spitefull people are hateful flyes.

If poore men riſe, in fauour any way
The ritche repines, to ſee howe they are paſte
As Hounds do barke, that houlds the Bucke at bay
The people prate, and ſpend mutch ſpeache in waſte
Looke ſayth the lewde, on newe ſtart up in haſte
Looke who rules now, looke what this man hath founde,
Looke how in Lappe, doth Fortunes Ball rebounde
They looke not how, to climbe for Vertues ſake,
But how of Worlde, they may a wonder make.

The World rather doth wonder at the well doings of many that deuyſe to get glory by vertue.

So lofty myndes, with lothſome lowring lookes
Salutes the good, that growes in Prynces grace
And watcheth cloſe, in corners and in Nookes
How they by wiles, the worthy may deface
No marueyle ſure, it is a common caſe
To beare them ſnarre, whoſe natures are not like
What Beeland can reſt, by turriſh countrey Tike?
What Hawke can ſit, in peace for carrayne Crow?
What Tongue can ſcape, the ſkolding of a Shrow?

Poore & ryche haue lofty minds & pout and ſwel at other mēs good fortune.

The Dole

The Doltdisdaynes, the deepe wise man yee wot,
The Blunt abhorrs, the quicke sharpe Wit in deede
The Coward hates, the hande that conquest got
The Jade will wynce, to stande by sturring Steede,
The Glutton grunts, to see the hungry feede:
Thus thinges from kinde so farre, can neare agree,
No more then can, the Catte and Dogge you see
As choyse is greate, of wealth and worldly goods
Men differ much, in manners and in moods.

Disdayn amōg al sorts of people and creatures.

One Jewell staynes an other very farre
And strife there is in mettalls grosse and fine
And sundry lackes, belongs to every starre,
And Planets too, they say that can deuine
One race and bloud, do seldome drawe one line
A grayne of grudge, is sowne so deepely heere
That nothing scarce, can scape from malice cleere
Thus malice makes, a murmure where it goes
And strikes out right, yet giues but secret blowes.

Stryfe there is in meralls, stones, flowers, and Planets.

The greedy Gnat, and pryuy eating Moths
A monster smal, that scarce is felt or seene
Lies lurking still, in playts of finest clothe
And little wormes, whilst Nuts are fresh and greene
Creepes in and eates, the kirnell as I weene
So vnto them, compare these peuishe pates
That on small cause, do enuy great estates
Yea enuy oft, is couerd and cloke as cleane
In mighty folke, as founde amonge the meane.

Disdaynefull heads are mischieous moths that eare vp good clothes.

Mighty Mens malice comparde to flashing flames.

The flashing flames, that from great Fornayes flyes
Cates forth such heate, as fewe men can abide
The rage whereof, doth dimme the dayntye eyes
And breedes great griefe, before the harme bee spide
Such mischiefe comes, by prankes of powringe pride
Which puffes, and blowes, as it would mountaynes move
And growes at first, on nought, but lacke of loue
Whose spightfull sparks, doth spare no Speach nor tyme
(Nor practise lewde) to plucke them downe that clime.

Enuy is a mónster amonge men.

This Enuy is, a mighty Monster greate
That swimmes like Whale, amonge the little fry,
Whose gaping mouth, would soone consume and eate
The Gogions small, that in small corners lye
His thirsty Throate, would drincke all places drye
And sucks vp all, and so of all leaues nought
Which should serue all, if all did beare one Thought.
O hungry Fly, that would bee all in all,
And Waggots brings, when men for feedinge call.

With drosse & gravell greate flouds be choked vp.

As greatest flouds, most Gravell do retayne,
And strongest Tides, runnes ore the weakest Walles,
So highest States, do nourishe most disdayne
And at rebounde, striks out the tennis Balles,
Yea they who thinckes, them furthest of from falles
Are watching still, in Courte, in Fielde, or Towne
Like stumbling Stockes, to trip their fellowes downe
And none doe strive, and struggle for the goales
But such as haue, their hearts most full of hoales.

Yea

Yea heapes of them, are harbred heere and theare
In golden haules, that shines like Phœbus bryght
Where flatterers flocke, who tattles in the eare
A thousand lyes, that neuer coms to light
They worke the wape, with fire both day and night
They spin the webbe, that takes the foolishe flye
They bayte the hooke, that bleres the simple eye
They shoue them out, that should be called in
They make the match, that doth the wager win.

Dissemblers the deuils dere darlings the only vvorkers of vvickednes.

And they breede strife, where all in quiet stoode
They packe the Cards, and play most filthy pranckes
They sharpe the swoorde, that sheades the guiltlesse bloud
They least deserue, and alwayes gets most thankes
They feede the streame, that breakes the mighty bankes
They are the sheares, that marres the garment quite,
They haue the tongues, that spares no speach nor spite
They are the Babes, still dandled on the knee
And those are they, that rottes the soundest tree.

Strife only is sovved by soysting fellovves that followes Fortune and playes on aduauntage.

At fawners fled, the house of mighty men
And migty folke, would frowne on fawning curres
Deceipt should shunne, the noble houses then
And veluet weedes, should shake of cleauing burres
But spurring steedes, are prickt that needes no spurres
Thus Palfray flings, and flounceth out of frame
That els of kinde, were curteous meeke and tame
A iombling iob, doth strike the bowle awry
Which of himselfe, would close on bias lye.

The geeuinge coũtenance to fawners enfects vvith their dissimulation, the hartes of noble men.

Syr Symon Burley.

Noblenes abuſed vvith buſy bablers.

For Noble bloud, muſt needes haue noble minde
And flie the gate, of lawcon gentle milde
And ſure it is, againſt their noble kind
To play the Kite, and cruel Coiſtrel wilde
Til tatlers come, with tongues ful finely filde
And chaung theyr modes, and marre their maners cleane
They ſkarce do know, what cankred hate doth meane
But when from beſt, to woꝛſt the good are wꝛought
By buſy bꝛaines, al ſoꝛtes of ſleights are ſought.

Noblenes is noble of it ſelfe.

Hatred hales men to vnhappie dealings.

Then burnes the bꝛeſte, as hot as Ethna hill
And rage beares rule, where reaſon dwelt beforꝛe
The haſty head, is ſwift to ſlay and kill
The hauty hart, burds vp mutch hate in ſtoꝛe
The altred mind, doth make the miſchief moꝛe
The kindled coles, doth creepe in ſtraw ſo far
That quarrels riſe, and peace is turnd to war
One baleth back, another dꝛawes aſide
And weakeſt bones, muſt needes the bꝛunt abide.

Not one may be aduanced but either rich or povver enuieth.

As I aſpierd, by vertue and deſarte
And was by Pꝛince, cald vnto credit ſtil
So ſome by ſleight, did ſeeke to ſuck my heart
And of my bloud, did thirſt, to dꝛincke their fill
They ſought to ſtop, the Water from the mill
And turne the wheele, and al the ioynts awꝛy
Lo beare how cloſe, the ſwelling Serpents lye
Lo how they caſt, their venom as they may
And marke what hate, they gaine that beareth ſway

For that

For that I grew, ful great with Robert Vear,
A Noble man, ful wise and mighty both
And had the guide, of good Prince Edwards heir
To show therein, my duety fayth and troth
Great mallice rose, as gruoging daily grouth
Twene many men that cannot rule their rage
A mighty duke, there was well kept in age
That sought to reape, the corne that I had sowne
And could not rest, til I was quite orethrowne.

Therle of Oxford called duke of Irelād fauored mutch sir Simon.

My roulmes and rule, and things that I had gote
My gaine my wealth, and glory as it grue
Was in his eye, so bigge a mighty mote
That loe this Duke, my plague did stil pursue
With open mouth, he so the bellowes blue
That sparkes of fier, as thick flew in my face
As in the Sunne, the gnatts do flie at chace
Or as the ball, rebounds at euery stroke
So to his words did smore me vp in smoke.

His office and dignity made mighty men dispise him

The dreadful Duke, did driue a wondrous drift
To worke his wil, with slipper sleight of hand
And sought to giue, king Richards friends a lift
For whome he did, prepare a secret band
Whose bold attempts did trouble all this land
But few could find, the darnel in the corne
Or iudge aright, the Rose from pricking thorne
So close in cloud, was clokte their cunning art
That none could know, who playd the Foxes part.

The band that the duke made against the king The duke of Yorke, thearle of Salisbury, thearle of Arundel therle of Northumberland, thearle of Notingham and tharchbishop of Canterbury.

This Duke did rayſe, a brute the king would haue
A taxe moſt ſtraunge, of al the realme throughout
And to the Lords, and commons councell gaue
Agaynſt the king, to ſtand both ſtiffe and ſtout
This practiſe proude, was patcht with many a clout.
Heere did the Wolfe, leaue ſilly Lambes amis
(And ſuckt their bloud) as woluiſhe maner is
Heere traytrous tricks, and trebell trothleſſe traynes
In Subiects breſtes, began to ſpreade their baynes.

A noble of entry fier in England was the taxe that the noughty Duke ſayd the kinge did demaunde.

The Duke of Yorke, and diuers noble Peeres
Forſooke the King, and held with this vprore
By which great ſtrife, was ſowne in ſundry Shieres
And corſies roſe, that made a running ſore
Bigge biles braſt out, where fleſhe was ſounde before
And though ſome time, the Surgeon ſalue did finde
To heale the wounde, (the ſkarre remaynde behinde)
A common Plague, doth creepe alonge the Realme
As ſkulls of fiſhe, ſwimmes vp and downe the Streame.

The greateſt townes, and Citties of moſt name
As London, Yorke, and many mo beſide
Theſe Dukes did draw, with folly out of frame
And made ſome ſtriue, againſt both ſtreame and tide
Where bankes be brake, the water cannot byde
Where flouds flee out, the fiſhe doe follow faſt
And then to late, to call agayne is paſt
The Swallow flyes, no ſwifter vnder winge
Then mens deuice, that do forſake a kinge.

The Duke cauſed al the great townes of England to exclayme on the king and his councell.

For ſayth

For fayth once ſtayned, ſeekes ſtraight for ſtarting holes
As Priſoners doe, that hath their promiſe broke
The ſeames once ript, of ſhue farewell the ſoles
The Ore ſet free, will ſeeke to ſhunne the Poke
The Chimney ſmuſte, the houſe is full of ſmoke
The ſleuce drawne vpp, downe driues the dregs and all
The ſtrongeſt tript, the weakeſt needes muſt fall
There is no ſtay, to holde meane people in
When might with mayne, the miſchiefe doth begin.

Where faith is broken all abuſes enters & falles to fonde attemptes.

The Lordes alledgd, the King was gouernd ſtill
By ſutch as came, from baſe and poore eſtate
And ſayde he ſhould, no longer haue his will
By which bouldе ſpeach, there grew ſo great debate
The lande was bent, on murther, ruyne, and hate
Now ſeuerall wayes, from Hiue flue out the Bees
Now tempeſts came, and tare vp mighty Trees
Now traytours flockt, and fell to factions ſtraunge
Whoſe fickle mindes, ſtill gaped for a chaunge.

A lordly rebellion and a rebels preſumption to their Prince.

O Vppers broode, and bloudy Boſome Snakes
O Butchers curres, that would your mayſter byte
O Helhoundes rude, of Plutos lothſome Lakes
O curſed Crew, more cruell then the Kyte
O kankred hartes, ſo fraught with frowarde ſpite
O Tygers wilde, O monſtrous men moſt vyle
Where was your loue, and duety all this while
How durſt you ſpeake, ſo ſtoutly to his face
To whom of right, the ſtoutеſt ought giue place.

A rebuke for rebels.

Among

Syr Symon Burley.

Among beasts the Lion is obeyd. Among birds the Egle Among fishe the Dolphin And among the smalest Bees a great Bee is their king.

Among brute beasts, that sauage are and wilde
The Lion raignes, and rules with regal powre
And so great birdes, stoupes downe like little Chyld
(To Fathers beck) if Eagle doth but lowre
Than to a king, dare people loke so sowre
That they wil force, their souerain past their reach
No scholler ought, his learned tutor teach
No member dare, presume to rule the hed
None raignes and rules, but kings when al is sted.

Marke what mischiefe they come vnto that striue against the streame.

Note how they shyncke, that shapes to giue a shocke
Against a king, and marke how traitors speede
Note how their heads, do tumble of the block
That wyth bayne hope, do peoples humors feede
And note from whence, doth princes powre proceede
And note withal, how farre doth stretch his fame
And faulters quake, that do but heare his name
For at the brunt, say here a king doth come
Home runne poore knaues, & down they flinge the brome.

The Lōdiners being thē euil disposed to their king desired Thomas of Woodstock to take the charg of the city vpō him.

Yarke how this Duke, whereof I spak before
By three estates, vnto accompt do call
Their king and Lord, whose mynd chei troubled sore
And vext therby, his frends and fauorers al
They fil to lash they felt the bloudy braule
They lost their goodes. they got a greate disgrace
They fled the Court. they were pursewd in chace
They were full faint, for none offence or cawes
To open barre, to plede their case by lawes.

Such

Sutch are the happes, of thoſe that hould with right
Sutch cureles wounds, they haue that ſores would heale
Sutch hate they heape, in hucksters hands that light
Sutch harmes they find, that ſtands with common wealth
And ſutch know not, to whome they ſhould appeale
When wrong will rule, and reuell failes to ſpoile
The faithfull flocke, are forſte to feele the foile
Dreade driues deſertes, that daily wil haue dunne
To flye from foes, or els through fier to runne.

Thoſe that ſtode vvith right receiued moſt vvrong and traytors tormented the true men that leaſt offended.

Becauſe theſe Lordes, who lookte to lead the daunte
Saw other ſtep, one ſtage ere they could ryſe
By playne fine force, they would them ſelues aduaunce
And for that feate, this drifte they did deuiſe
Deſire of fame, doth ſo abuſe the wiſe
They end like fooles, that erſte began full well
And ſoneſt ſmarte, that rindes the larum bel
For wheles and all failes downe about their eares
From rotten frames, who firſt ſtode voide of feares.

The Duke of Gloceſter and Duke of York vvith others maligned thoſe the king fauored.

Note
Rebels alvvayes beares the blovves.

But we who were, beſiegd by fortune ſo
Betraied I meane, if troth may tell the tale
Where ſhorgd and plagude, and faine to fawne on foe
And ſue to ſutch, as ſet our lyues to ſale
We were ſhut vp, they had the bounſing gale
That blew their barke, beyonde our compaſſe cleane
With ſailes afiaunte, and had no merry meane
They clapt on all, and went through ſtreame and flud
When true mens feete, ſtode faſt in mier and mud.

king Richards beſt friends vvere by traytors frovvardly handled.

I was

Syr Symon Burley.

I was the man, that moste of mischiefe had
I was accusde, and calde to counte in haste
I founde moste cause to sigh and sit full sad
I was layde vp, and thereby cleane disgraste
Myne en'mies sayd, I did the Treasure waste
And held in hand, the Soudiours money to
I was so nipt, I knew not what to do
My Freendes wext sayntc, or ferd the like mischaunce
But I was he, must leade the dolefull daunce.

The Bishop of Cãterbury accusde him of sacrilege & cõueying money ouer the Sea by night to the king of Beam

A mitred head, a Bishope bolde and braue
Sayd I conueyde, away Sainct Thomas shryne
And that I ment, the king of Beame should haue
The same from me, by priuy practise fyne
To hoiste me vp, he layed both hooke and lyne
And so by friends, he framd so flate a feate
That I was cald, to straight accompte in heate
For this and more, a libell long and large
(Of forgid faultes) that he layd to my charge.

No clarke might come: to make my reckning right
No tale could serue, to show my matter throw
No deepe discourse, could bring the troth to light
No man of law, could canuas cases now
Strong hand did al, I must both bend and bow
The king knew not, of half the wrongs I felt
Nor none could find, how finely cardes were delt
A pack was made, and one had got the ace
And trimly robd, the trumps before my face.

Note

No boote

No boote to bid, the Players deale agayne,
The game was won, and I had lost the stake
These Foysters fine, could nick both by and mayne
And kog out right, when they the Dice did shake
And of sweete spoyle, a bitter banquet make
They calde mee in, and I the onely Gheaste
Was bidden then, vnto that bloudy Feaste,
I was compeld, to taste what Dishe they would,
And in great heate, to drynke vp Poyson coulde.

I meane my fate, and fortune was so harde
I coulde not scape, their handes that sought my life,
Who wreakt their wrath, on mee without regarde
Yet longe in Sheath, they kept the murthering Knife:
For on my hap, at firste rose all thys strife
And on the Freendes, that I by hap had wonne
Thys ende I had, and mischiefe was begonne
For taking part, with such as likt mee well,
To Grounde full flat, from top of Tree I fell.

When in the Tower, my Foes had clapt mee fast
Few frendes I founde, the World began to wincke,
And so at length, in Rerage was I cast,
And Poaste alone, was leste to swymme or sincke,
And iudgement was, as I was forste to thincke
That I should pape, two hundreth thousande Frankes,
For all my toyle, loe! heere is all my thankes
I did posselle, my charges and my losse
And paynes abroade, came home by weeping crosse.

And

And wanting wealth, to pay this heauy summe
Vpon Byles, and Glapues, from Pyson was I led
And so vnto, the Towre hill did I cumme
To suffer death, where soone I lost my hed
The King knew naught, of this til I was ded
Loe people heere! how things about were brought
And what disdayne, and mighty malice wrought
Loe! heere his ende, and sodayne sliding downe
That was both true, to God and to the Crowne.

As little twiges, ore toppes of houses grow
Whose braunches big, spredes out a mighty tree
Or as small Brookes. with Seas doe swell and flowe
Yet hath no powre, to passe their boundes you see
Or as fayre flowers. that in gay gardens bee
Spryouts out a while, and when they are at height
They fade and fall, and then declineth streight
So man doth mounte, a while on stages hie
And at the best, shootes downe like starre from skie.

When thinges are growen, as farre as course is set
And haue attayned, the fulnesse of their state
They backeward come, and can no further get
For cleane cryperd, yee see is then their date
The life wee beare, of force must yeld to fate
The steppes wee trede, wears out by tract of time
When ladder breakes, wee can no higher clyme
Where Fortune sits, so faste, doth grinde the mill
The Wheele turns rounde, and neuer standeth still.

Long

Long is the toyle, or man to triumph cumnes
Large is the plot, where wee our Pagantes play
Sweete is the ſap, and ſowre are all the Plumes
That payne pluckes of, the pleaſaunt planted ſpray
Shorte is the tyme, of all our glory gaye
Vayne is the hope, of hazardes heere in Earth
Great are the greefes, of lyfe from day of Yearth
No ſurety growes, of all is heere poſſeſt
All comes to naught, when people feareth leaſt.

Loe! what it is, to ſtande on tickell ſtayes
Where hatred heaues, the houſholde out of ſquare
And when it faules, the ioyntes flee ſeuerall wayes
And ioyfull weights, are clad with woe and care
The Seruaunts howle, the Wyfe and Childe is bare
The freendes wring handes, the foes doe laugh and fyre
Suche chaunges chaūce, to thoſe that do aſpyre
The Grounde but gaps, whoſirſt ſhall fall therein
And who ſeekes moſt, at length the leaſte may wyn.

Loe! Churchyarde now, my mirtheleſſe tale is toulde
A mourning verſe, prepare thou ſtraight for me
And in thy ryme, ſome ſtately order houlde
For that I ſprong not out of baſe degree
Let euery lyne, a liuely ſentence bee
To wake the Wits, of ſuch as worlde would knoe
And liſt to marke, how worldly matters goe
And when thou comſt, to touch the gauled back,
Leape ore the hoyſe, or vſe a ryders knack.

Beare

Syr Symon Burley.

Beare euen hande, and holde the Bridle right
Yet whisk the wande, sometymes for pleasures sake
Yea spyce thy Speache, and tearmes with trifels light
That Lookers on, may not thy mynde mistake
When store is gone, yet doe thy Budget shake
Among the best, and feede their Fansies still.
No matter though, a Mouse creepe out of hill.
Smale toyes may breede, great sporte in great estates
And in great Broundes, men walke through little Gates.

Doe wisely warne, and warely vse thy Pen,
Speake Englishe playne, and roue about the But,
And shoote at will and slante by wicked Men
Shale out the Shell, and bid them crack the Nut
Shewe some delight, and so the sentence shut,
And bid the Worlde, beholde mee in a Glasse
That did to ruein, from Pompe and Pleasure passe
Now I am gone, I wishe the rest behinde,
(As they desire) may better Fortune finde.

FINIS.

A Trage-

A TRAGICALL DIS-course of the vnhappy mans Life.

COme courtiers al, draw neere my morning hers
Com heere my knell, ere cors to church shal go
Or at the least, come read this woful hers
And last fare wel, the haples penneth so
And such as doth, his life and manners kno
Come shed some teares, and se him painted out
That restles heere, did wander world about.

O pilgrims pore, preace neare my pagent now
And not full well, the part that I have playd
And wysely way, my thryftles fortune throw
And print in brest, ech word that heere is sayd
Shrynk not my friends, step forth stand not afrayd
Though monstrous hap, I daily heere possest
Some sweeter chaunce, may bring your hearts to rest.

For though the wretch, in cold and hunger lies
The happy wight, in pompe and pleasure sittes
The weake falles down, where mighty folk aries
The sounde feeles not, the feble ague fits
So world you wot, doth serue the finest wits
Though dullards do, in darkenes daily run
The wise at wil, can walk where shines the Sunne.

And hap falles not, to euery man a like
Some sleepes ful sound, yet hath the world at call
Some leapes the hedge, some lights amid the dyke
Some suckes the sweat, and some the bitter gall
The vse of things, blynd destnie giues vs al
So though you see, ten thousand soules in hell
Yet may you hope, in heauens blys to dwel.

H. Let

A tragical discourse.

Let my mishap, a worldly wonder be
For few can find, the fruitt that I did taste
Ne leaues nor boowes, I found vpon the Tree
And where I plowd, the Ground lay euer waste
A man would think, the Child was borne in haste
Or out of time, that had such luck as I
For loe I looke, for Larkes when falles the skye.

No soyle nor seat, nor season serues my turne
Ech plot is sowne, with sorrow where I goe
On mountayne top, they say where torch should burne:
I find but smoke, and lothsome smothring woe
Neare Fountaine hed, where springs do daily floe
Cold Isle I get, that melts with warmth of hand
So that I starue, where Cock and Conduits stand.

I quench smal thirst, where thousands drink and bib
An empty Cup I carry cleane away
And though as leane, as rake is euery rib
And hollow chekes, doth hidden grief bewray
The rych eates all, the poore may fast and pray
No butter cleaues, vpon my bread at nede
When hungry maw, thinks throte is cut in deede.

The shallow brokes, where litle penks are found
I shun, and seeke, the Seas to swymme thereon
Yet vessayle sinks, or bark is layd a ground
Where leaking ships, in safety stil haue gone
The harbour find, when hauen haue I none
Hap calles them in, when I am lodgd at large
Thus playnes creepes, in cold Cock Lorels barge

Full thirty yeres, both Court and warres I tryde
And ſtil I ſought acquaintance with the beſt
And ſerud the ſtate, and did ſutch hap abyde
As might befall, and Fortune ſent the reſt
When Drom did ſound, a Souldiour was I preſt
To Sea or Land, as Princes quarel ſtode
And for the ſame, ful oft I loſt my blood:

In Scotland long, I lingred out my yeares
When VVylford lyud, a worthy wight in deede
And there at length, I fel ſo far in breeres
I taken was, as deathy had decreed
Well yet with woords, I did my foes ſo feede
That there I lyud, in pleaſure many a day
And ſcapte ſo free, and did no raunſom pay.

First at Wark vvith George Lavvſon.

Taken vnder the Lord Admiral at Sayne Mynins.

Some ſayd I found, in Scotland fauour then,
I graunt my pomp, was more than reaſon would
Yet on my hand, I ſent home ſundry men
That els had pyend, in pryſon pinche with cold
To French and Scots, ſo fayre a tale I told
That they beleeud, white chalk and cheſe was ans
And it was pearle, that proued but pybbull ſtone.

In Lavvther fort, I clapt my ſelf by ſleight
So fled from foes, and home to friends I paſt
The French in haſte, beſiegd that Fortres ſtreight
Then was I like, to light in fetters faſt
But loe a peace, broke vp the ſiege at laſt
When weary wars, and wicked bloudſhed great
Made both the ſides, to ſeeke a quyet ſeat.

Vnder Sir Hue VVyllovvbe.

Mounſoer de Terms, beſieged this fort.

Sir Anthony Sellenger deputy of Ireland.

From thence I cam, to England as I might
And after that, to Irland did I saple
Where Sellenger, a wise and Noble Knight
Gaue me such place, as was to myne auaile
Than teasters walkt, as thick as doth the hayle
About the world: For ioy from thence I hoze
For seruice don, of money right good stoze.

Meatts in Lorain vvon by treason

In France serued vnder captaine Crayer.

Home come I thoe, and so to Fraunce did fare
Where that their king, wan Meatts through fatehis fine
So on the flock, I spent al doyde of care
And what I gate, by spoyle I held it mine
Than downe I past, the pleasant floud of Ryen
And so I sarud, in Flaunders note the same
Where loz at first, my hap fel out of frame.

In Charles the fifts time, vnder Captaine Matlon.

For I was clapt, in pzyson without cawse
And straightly held, for comming out of Fraunce
But God did wozk, through Justice of the lawse
And help of friends, to me a better chaunce

Got out of prison by help of the Noble Madame Selde emby.

And stil I hopte, the warres would me aduaunce
So traylo the pike, and world began a nue
And lout like hawk, that lately caune from mue.

Three pere at leest, I saw the Emprours warres
Than homeward dzue, as was my wouted trade
Where Sunne and Mone, and al the seuen Starres
Stode on my side, and me great welcome made
But whether layre and flowres ful sone wil fade
So peoples loue, is like new besoms oft
That sweepes all cleane, whyles bzome is greene & soft.

Wel

Well once again, to warres I dyue me fast
And with Lord Grey, at Giens I did remayn
Where he or his, in any seruice past
I followed on, among the warlik trayne
And sometime felt, my part of woe and payne
As others did. that Cannon wel could like
And pleasure tooke, in trayling of the pike.

Eight yeres vnder my Lord Grey.

At length the French, did Giens besiege ye wot
And litle help, or succour found we tho
By which foule want, it was my heauy lot
To Parris steight, with good Lord Grey to goe
As prisoners both, the world to wel doth knoe
By tract of tyme, and wonders charge in deede
He homeward went, and toke his leaue with speede.

But post alone, I stode alack the while
And countrey cleane, forgot me this is true
And I might liue, in sorrow and exile.
And pine away, for any thing I knue
As I had bakte, in deede so might I dyue
Not one at home, did seeke my griefe to beale
Thus was I cleane, cut of from common weale.

Yet loe a shift, to skape a way I found
When to my fayth, my taker gaue no trust
I did deuise, in wryting to be bound
To come again, the time was set full iust
But to retourne forsoth I had no lust
Sens faith could get, no credit at his hand
I sent him word, to come and sue my band.

Once againe eskaped out of pryson.

He came him selfe, to court as I did beere
And told his tale, as finely as he might
At Ragland than, was I in Monmouth cheere
Yet when in Court, this matter came to lighte
My friends did say, that I had don him right
A Souldiour ought, upon his faith to go
Which I had kept if he had sent me so.

Serued vnder my Lord Grey at Leeth.

Well yet my minde, could never rest at home
My shoes were made, of running leather sure
And borne I was, about the worlde to rome
To see the warres, and keepe my hand in vre
The French pe know, did Englishmen procure
To come to Leeth, at siedge whereof I was
Till French did seeke, in ships away to pas.

A litle breath, I toke then after this
And shapte my selfe, about the Court to be
And euery day, as right and reason is
To serue the Prince, in Court I settled me
Some friends I found, as frends do go pou se
That gaue me words, as sweete as hony spill
Yet let me lyue, by hed and cunning skill.

I crutcht, I kneeld, and many a cap could vaple
And watched late, and early rose at morne
And with the throng, I followed hard at taple
As braue as bull, or sheepe but newly shorne
The gladdest man, that euer yet was borne
To wayt and stare, among the states full bye
Who feedes the poze, with many steadie eye.

But wy

But who can liue, with goodly lookes alone
Or merry wordes, that sounds like tabers pype
Say what they wil, they loue to keepe their owne
And part with nought, that commeth in their gripe
You shal haue Nuts, they say when plums are ripe
Thus al with shalls, or shales ye shall be fed
And gape for Gold, and want both Gold and bred:

The proffe thereof, made me to seeke far hens
To Anvverp than, I trudged on the spleene
And all in hast, to get some spending pens
To serue my turne, in seruice of the Queene
But God he knowes, my gayne was small I weene
For though I did, my credit still encreace
I got no wealth, by warres ne yet by peace,

Yet harke and note, I pray you if you pleas
In Anvverp towne, what fortune me befell
My chaunce was such, when I had past the Seas
(And taken land, and thereon rested well)
The people Iard, and rang a larum bell
So that in armes, the towne was euery where
And few or none, of life stode certain there.

A Captaine of great charge vnder the Prince of Orange.

A Noble Prynce, I saw amyd that broyle
To whome I went, and swore his part to take
The commons came, al set on rage and spoyle
And gaue me charge, to keepe my wits awake
The Prince for loue, of king and countries sake
Bad me do wel, and shed no guyltles bloud
And saue from spoyle, poore people and their Good.

He saued Religious houses and most of the towne from burning.

I gaue my fayth, and hand to do the same
And wrought the best, that I could worke therefore
And brought at length, the commons in such frame
That some were bent, to blow the cole no more
Yet some to rage, and robbery ran ful sore
Whome I reformd, so that no harme did fall
To any wight, among the commons all

The streetes we kept, and brake ne house nor doore
And for three dayes, made no mans finger bleede
I dare auouch, that neither rych or poore
Could say they lost the valour of a threede
Well what of that, you know an honest deede
Is sone forgot, of such as thanckles be
For in the end, it fared so by me.

Note

The towne I kept, from cruel sword and fier
Did seeke my Life, when peace and al was made
And such they were, that did my bloud desier
As I had saude, from blowes and bloudy blade
I crept away, and hid me in the shade
But as the day, and Sun began to shine
They followd fast, with force and practize fine.

Escaped by Gods helpe out of great daunger.

In priests atyre, but not with shauen crown
I scapte their hands, that sought to haue my head
In forckid cap, and plighted curtal gowne
Far from the Church, stode me in right good stead
In al this while, ne masse for quick nor dead
I durst not sing, a posting priest I was
That did in haste, from post to piller pas,

In

In Briges than, the persons breech did quake
For there a Clarke, came tinging of a Bel
(That in the towne did such a rombling make)
I could not walk, in vickars garments well
So there I wisht, my self in Cockle shel
Or Sea man sloppes, that smeld of pitch and tar
Which robes I found, ere I had trauelo far.

Followde by the Marshall 8. payes.

A Marshall came, and searcht our woole fleete than
In boate I leapt, and so through Sealand went
And many a day, a silly weary man
I traueld there, and stode with toyle content
Til God by Grace, a better Fortune sent
And brought me home, in safety as you knoe
Great thanckes to him, I giue that serude me so.

At the Slues the Marshall and he vvere both in one ship together.

In Court where I, at rest and peace remaind
I thought vpon, the part that Flemings playd
And for good wil, since I was so retaind
I thought to make, those roysters once afrayd
So hoiste vp sayle when I had anckar wayd
And into Fraunce, I slipt with mutch a do
Where lo a Net, was making for mee to,

A drift of the Duke of Alua to dispatch me.

Yet past I through, to Paris without stop
When ciuile broiles, were likely to begin
And standing there, within a marchauuts shop
I heard one say, the Prince was comming in
To Flaunders fast, with whome I late had bin
Before you wot, thus hauing merry newes
I stole away, and so did Fraunce refues.

The Lord Embassador nowe Lord Norris did help me away.

But

But by your leaue, I fell in daungers deepe
Before I could, in freedome goe or ride
Deuouring Wolues, had like to slaine the sheepe
And wipte their mouthes, vpon the muttons hide
Nought goes amisse, where God wil be the guide
So through the place, where parrel most did seeme
I past at will, when daunger was extreame.

The Prince I found, from Collen at his house
And there I saw, of Rotters right good store
Who welcomde mee, with many a mad carouse
Such is their gies, and hath bin euer more
To Flaunders thus, we marcht and God before
And neare the Rine, our Camp a season lay
Till money came, and had a generall pay.

In Flaunders longe, our Campe remayned still
And sweete with sowre, we tasted sundry wayes
Who goes to warres, must feele both good and ill
Some likes it not, and some that like can prayes
Where nights are cold, and many hungry dayes
Some will not be, yet such as loues the Drom
Takes in good part, the chaunces as they com.

Perhaps my share, was not the sweetest there
I make no boste, nor finde no fault therein
I sought my selfe, the burthen for to beare
Among the rest, that had ore charged bin
If smart I felt it was a plague for sin
If ioy I found, I knew it would not last
If wealth I had, to wast came on as fast.

When

When Prince did passe, to Fraunce and Flaunders last
I licence sought, to see my native soile
He told me than, the French by some fine craft
Or me at length would make a pray and spoile
I tooke my leaue, not fearing any soyle.
But ere the day, the skie had cleane forsoke
I fell in snare, as fish on baited hoke.

A Pesaunt betraide me and yet vvas God my deliuerer.

A woful tale, it is to tel in deede
Yet heare it out, and how God wrought for mee
The case was such, that I a gyde did neede
So in the field, ful neare a willow tree
I found a carle, that needes my guid must bee
His hand I had, his heart did halt the while
And treason did, though trust the true beguyle

We held the way, vnto S. Quintayns right
As I did thincke, but long two leagues I lost
To ease my horse, he bade me oft a light
But I thereat, seemde dumme and deafe as post
Of stomacke stout, the way oftimes he crost
And sought to take, my bridle by the raine
That sleight I found, and so he lost his paine.

Had I turnd back, the peysants were at hand
Who mounted were, on better horse than I
A village neare, there was within that land
Where loe my guide, would haue me needes to lye
Not so my friend, I aunswerde very hye
Where at he knew, the pad in straw was found
So toke the ball, and stroke it at rebound.

Thou

A great treacherie.

Thou canst not scape, (quoth he) then light adowne
Thou art but dead, thy life here shalt thou lose,
And therewithal, the carle began to frowne
And laid his hand, vpon my lether hose
Through sines he made, the towne by this arose
And some by Marres, that lately lost their good
Sought to reuenge, the same vpon my bloud.

My guide leapt vp, vpon the horse I rode
And slang away, as fast as he could driue
Downe was I balde, and on my face they trode
And for my robes, the tormenters did striue
My guide did cry, O leaue him not aliue
An English churle, he is his tongue doth shoe
And gold he hath, good store kal wel I knoe.

They stript me streight, from dublet to my shurt,
Yet hose they left, vntoucht as God it would
No power they had, to do me further hurt
For as the Knife, to throte they gan to hold
To saue my lyfe, an vpright tale I told
They hearing that, laid al their weapons downe
And askt me if, I knew saint Quintains towne.

I past thereby when to the Spawe I went
(quoth I) and there, my pasport wel was viewd
If that be true, said one thou shalt be sent
From hence in hast, and so they did conclude
To towne I should, from sauage countrey rude
So in the key, they laid me al that night
Yet sought my lyfe, before the day was light.

But as with weedes, some suffrant flower groes
So in that soile, a blessed man was bred
Which vndertoke, to keepe me from my foes
And saue my life, by fine deuice of bed
He cald me vp, when they were in their bed
And bad me go, with him where he thought best
Least in that place, full smal should be my rest.

A secret prouision of God.

I followd on, as he did lead the trace
He brought me safe, where I in surety stode
Thus God through him, did shew his might and grace
Which ioyde me more, than al this worldly good
The other sort, were butchers al for blood
And daily slue, such straggiars as they toke
For whome they lay, and watcht in many a noke.

That hazard past, I found more mischieues stil
But none so great, nor none so mutch to feare
With toyle and pain, with sleight of head and skil
From Fraunce I came, (and left al mischief there)
Now here what fruict my native soile doth beare
See what I reap, and marke what I haue sowne
And let my luck, through al this land be knowne.

The Captaine of Pyrroenshã dled me hardly.

First let me tel, how fortune did me cal
To Garnesey thee, to stay my troubled mind
Where wel I was, although my wealth was smal
And long had dwelt, if destny had assinde
But as the ship, is subiect to the winde
So we must chaunge, as checking chaunces falles
Who tosseth men, about like tennis balles.

Vnder Captaine Leighton after al these toiles.

This

This chaunce is she, some say that leads men out
And brings them home, when least they looke therefore
A dalling dame, that breedes both hope and doubt
And makes great wounds, yet seldome salues the sore
Not sure on Sea, nor certaine on the shore
A worldly Witch, that deales with wanton charmes
For one good turne, she doth ten thousand harmes.

A figge for chaunce, this Fortune beares no shape
The people fond, a name to Fortune giue
Which senceles soules, do after shadows gape
Great GOD doth rule, and sure as God doth liue
He grindes the Corne, and sifts the meale through sius
And leaues the Bran, as reffuse of the flowre
To worke his wil, and shew his mighty powre.

Note

Promotion comes, ne from the East nor West
Ne South nor North, it falles from heauen hie
For God himselfe, sets vp who he thincks best
And casts them downe, whose hearts would clime the sky
Thus earthly haps, in worldlings doth not lie.
We trudge, we run, we ride and breake our braine
And backward come, the selfsame steps againe.

Til time approche, that God wil man preferre
With Labours long, in vaine we beat the ayre
Our destinies dwell, in neither Moone nor starr
Nor comfort comes, from people soule nor fayre
Smal hope in those, that sits in Golden chayre
Their moods, their minds, and all we go about
Takes light from him, that puts our candel out.

This

This argues now, all goodnes freely groes
From him that first, made man of earthly mold
And floodes of wealth, into their bosome floes
That clearely can, his blessed wil behold
As sheppards do, keepe safe their sheepe in fold
And Gardner knowes, how flowres should watred be
So God giues ayde, ere man the want can se.

Note

Helps comes not sure, by hap or heads deuice
Though wits of men, are meanes to worke the waye
And cunning hands, do often cast the dice
All these are topes, trust vp in tinkars packs
No flame wil rise, till fier be thrust to blaze
No branch may bud, til he that made the plant
With dew of grace, in deede supplies the want

Can earth yeld fruict, til Springtime sap do shoe?
Can ayre be cleare, til foggs and mistes are fled?
Can seas and floods, at euery season floe?
Can men giue life, to shapes and bodies dead?
Such secrets pas, the reach of mans vaine head
So loke to reape, no corne for al our toyle
Til haruest come, and God hath blest the soile.

The pottar knowes, what bestaile serues his turne
And the rein stil, he powreth liquor sweete
The Cooke wel notes, what woods is best to burne
And what conceipts, is for the banket meete
The Captain markes, what Souldiour hath most spreete
And calles that man, to charge and office great
When he thinkes good, and seruice is in heat.

Dare

A Tragicall discourse.

Dare any wight, presume to take the place
Of worthy charge, til he thereto be cald?
Dare subiect brag, before the Princes face?
Or strive with states, that are in honour stauld?
Dare village boast with City strongly wauld?
Dare Children clime, til they good footing find
No al thing yelds, to him that leads the mind.

Note

He likes aloft, he flingeth downe as fast
He giues men fame, and plucks renowne away
Hap doth not so, for chaunce is but a blast
An idle word, wherewith weak people play
Hap hangs and holds, on hazard euery way
And hazarde leanes, on doubt and daunger deepe
That glads but few, and maketh Millions weepe

I vse this terme, of hap in al I wryte
As wel to make, the matter large and long
As any cause, or dram of great delyte
I take therein: But here I do you wrong
To lead your eares, with such a senceles song
From hearing that, I promisd haue to eade
The bare discourse, the hapleſſe man hath pend.

So comming home, and crept from lookes abrode
(With charged brest, and heauy heauing hart)
I thought in Court, my burthen to vnlode
And cast away, the cares of former smart
But there alas, my chaunce is so ouerthwart
I sit and sighe, and fold mine armes withal
And in old griefes, a fresh begin to fal.

Yea

Yea there where moſt, my hope and haunt hath bin
Where peares and dapes, I ſpent vpon the ſtocke
And diuers doe, good hap and friendſhip win
(And duety makes, a World of people flocke)
And thouſands Loe, drawes water from the Cocke
I ſkarce may moyſt, my mouth when thirſt is great
And heart is cleane, conſum'd with ſkalding heat.

A ſpring of kinde, doth floe aboue the brim
You cannot ſtoppe, a Fountaine if you would
For through hard rocks, it runneth cleare and trim
And in ſome Ground, it caſts vp grapne of Gould
It burſts the Earth, and deepely diggs the Mould
It guſheth out, and goes in ſondry vaines
From mountaines top, and ſpreadeth all the plains.

The Spring creepes vp, the higheſt hil that is
And many Wells, thereon are eaſly found
And this I wot, where you do water miſs
Small fruict doth grow, it is but barraine Ground
The ſoile is ſweete, where pleaſaunt ſprygs abound
The Cowſlop ſproutes, where ſprings and fountains bee
And flouds begin, from fountaine heads you ſee.

The Labring man, therea t dothcole his heat
The Birds doe bathe, their breſts full brauely there
The bruteſt beaſts, therein finds pleaſure great
And likes not halfe, ſo well another where
What cauſe in mee, what doubt, what fault, or feare

A Tragicall discourse,

That I may not, in this so weake a plight
Goe drinck my fyll, where ech thing hath delight.

The more we draw, the water from the well
The better farre, we bring the spring in frame
The seas themselues, of nature rise and swel
The more the wind, and weather workes the same
The fier burnes best, when bellows blowes the flame
Let things stand still, and start them not in time
They shall decay, by meane of drosse and slime.

I see some streames, with sticks are choked vp
And Riuers large, are marde with beds of sand
I see some dringe, from doells an empty cup
Yet craues an almes, and shoes a needy hand
I see bare bopes before the banket stand
And no man sayth, loe poore man if thou wilt
Take heere a dish, to fil thy hungry gutt.

Of cormrant kinde, some crammed Capons are
The more they eate, the more they may consume
Some men likewise the better that they fare
The worse they be, and sicker of the rume
And some so chafe, so frowne, so fret, and fume
When others feede, they cannot God be knoes
Spare any time, the dropping of their noes.

The boyds are spred, and feasts are made thereon
And sutch sit downe, that hath their bellies full

Whose

Whose gready mauthes, from dogg would snatch ỳ bone
Which snouges swell, and loke like greisie wull
They puffe, they blow, ye like a bayted Bull
And shoue them back, that on small Cromes would feede
Whose pashient harts, makes vertue of a neede.

The glutton thincks, his belly is to small
When in his eye, a deinty morsell is
He grins and gapes, as though no crome should fall
From him: and lokes as all the world were his
Thus such as want, are sure the poste to kis
For powlting pryde, doth preace so fast in place
That poore plaine Tom, dare skarce come shew his face.

Ech one doth seeke, for to aspier and rise
Yet hate we those, that doth by vertue clime
The foole he skornes, the worship of the wise
Yet dolts presume, beyond the wise sometime
And all this strife, is but for drosse and slime
That out of Earth, we digg with daungers deepe
Full hard to winne, and mutch more words to keepe.

This makes me muse, when some haue heaps in hord
They will not help, the nearest friend they haue
And yet with smiels, and many a friendly word
They graunt to giue, before a man doth craue
Such Barbors fine, can finely poule and shaue
And wash full cleane, till all away they wash
Than good sir Griem, like lobb they leaue in lashe.

A Tragicall diſcourſe.

What ſhould men loſe, when they enough haue had
If they part, with things that might be ſpared:
A little piece, out of a Golden gad
For ſeruice long, might be a great reward
No no as ſteele, and flint is ſtiffe and hard
So World is wart, and no good turne is found
But where in deede, no double gifts rebound.

Wee make a legge, and kiſſe the hand withall
(A French deuice, nay ſure a Spaniſh tricke)
And ſpeake in Print, and ſay loe at your call
I will remaine, your owne both dead and quicke
A Courtier loe, can giue a lobbe a licke
And dreſſe a dolt, in Motley for a while
And ſo in ſleeue, at ſillye Woodcocke ſmile

If meaning went, with painted words and ſhoes
It might ſuffice, ſuch curteous cheare to taſte
But with the ſame, diſdaine and enuy goes
And trumpry great, with words and winde in waſte
Than arme in arme, comes flattery full of haſte
And leads away, the ſences out of frame
That vpright wits, are thereby ſtricken lame.

This lowting low, and bowing downe the knee
But gropes mens mindes, to creepe in credits lap
Like maiſe horſe than, he holdes vp head you ſee
That late before, could baile both knee and Cap
The Nurſe a while, can feede the child with pap
And after beate him on the breech full bare,
A ſwarme God wot, of theſe fine Natures are

There

There be that bites, yet gronts and whines withall
There be that winnes, yet sweare and say they lose
There be that stops, and steales away the ball
There be that plantes, a weede and plucks a Rose
There be pleads want, to whome the fountaine floes
Sutch bides there baps, to make the world to thincke
At fayre well head, they neede not for to drincke.

The Whales you see eates vp the litle fishe
The prette Penk, with Sammen may not swim
The greatest heads, are fed with finest dishe
To foulest pits, fayre water runneth trim
He gets the gayne, that standeth neare the brim
He blowes the cole, that hath cold fingers still
He starues for bread, that hath no corne at Will.

A world to see, the course and state of things
Some would get vp, that knowes not where to light
Some soer the skyes, that neuer had no wings
Some wrastle well, by cunning not by might
Some seemes to iudge, fayre colours without sight
And every one, with some odde shift or grace
In world at will, runs out a goodly race.

But to be plaine, I lagg and come behinde
As I were lame, and had a broken legg
Or els I cannot, lye within the wynde,
And hearken still, what I might easly begg
I neede not say in mouth I haue a gegg
For I haue spoke, and sped in matters small
By helpe of him, that hath my Uerses all.

But farre God wot, I am from that to seeke:.
And misse the marke. that many men do hit
Wherfore salt teares, do trikle downe the cheeke
And hart doth feele, ful manye a wofull fytte,
And so alyde in solemne sorrow sit.
As one in dede that is forsaken cleane
Where most he doth deserue, and best doth meane.

No matter now, though ech man march and tread
On him that hates, the life he bears about
Yet such as shal, these heauy verses reade
Shal fynd I blame, my Fortune out of dout
But sens on hope, no better hap wil sprout.
I yeld to death, and vpward lift the minde
Where lothsome life, shal present comfort fynde.

Since hope can haue, no hony from the Hiue
And payns can plucke. no pleasure for his toyle,
It is but vayne, for weary life to stryue
And stretch out tyme, with tormente and tormoyle
Get what we can, death triumphes ore the spoyle.
Then note this wel, though we win neere so mych,
When death takes al, we leaue a mizer ritch

To liue and lacke, is double death in deede
A present death, excedes a lingring woe
Since no good hap, in youth dit helpe my nede,
In age why should, I stryue with fortune soe
Old yeares are come. and hasts me bens to goe,
The tyme drawes on, I hate the lyfe I haue,
When hart shal breake, my greefe shal ende in graue.

Should

Should I seeke life, that finds no place of rest
Ne soile nor seate, to shroude me from the ayre
When cramping cold, beclipps my carefull brest
And dollor driues, my heart in deepe despayre
For such soule dayes, darke death is wondrous fayre
As good to make, the scrawling worms a feast
As please the world, where mischief makes her neast.

Hie time it is, to haste my carkasse hence
Youth stole away, and felt no kind of ioy
And age he left, in trauel euer sence
The wanton dayes, that made me nice and coy
Were but a dreame, a shadow and a toye
Sith slauery heere, I finde and nothing els
My home is there, where soule in freedome dwels.

In Warres and woe, my peres are wasted cleane
What should I see, if Lordly life I led
I loke in glasse, and find my cheekes so leane
That eu'ry houre, I do but wish me dead
Now back bends downe, & forwards falles the head
And hollow eyes, in wrinckled brow doth shrowd
As though two starres, were creping vnder clowd.

The lips ware cold, and lokes both pale and thin
The teeth falles out, as nutts forsoke the shale
The bare bald head, but shewes where hayre hath bin
The liuely ioynts, ware very stiffe and stale
The ready tongue, now falters in his tale
The Wearish face, and tawny colour shoes
The corage quailes, as strength decayes and goes.

A Tragicall discourse,

The sweete delights are drownd in dulled minde,
The gladsome sportes, to groning sighes are bent
The frisking limbs, so farre from frame I finde
That I forthinke, the time that youth hath spent
But when I way, that all these things were lent
And I must pay, the earth his duety throw
I shrincke no whit, to yeld these pleasures now.

Had I possest, the gifts of Fortune beare,
A house, a wyfe, and Children therewithall
And had in store (to make my friends good cheare)
Such common things, as neighbours haue at call
In such dispayre, perchaunce I would not fall
But want of this, and other lackes a shore
Bids me seeke death, and wishe to lyue no more.

Yet for to beare, a piece of all my woes
(And to impart, the priuy pangs I felt)
From Countrey soile, a sober wife I choes
In mine owne house, with whom I seldom dwelt
When thousands slept, I wakte, I swet, I swelt,
To compasse that, I never could attaine
And still from home, abrode I brake my brayne.

The thatcher hath, a cottage poore you see.
The shepherde knowes, where he shal sleepe at night
The daily drudge, from cares can quiet bee
Thus Fortune sends, some rest to euery wight
So borne I was, to house and land by right
But in a bagg, to Court I brought the same,
From Shrewsbury town, a seate of auncient fame,

What

What thinkes my friends, that there behind I lake
What fault finds she, that gaue me tiet and suck
O courting fine, thou art to cold a craft
The Carter hath, at home much better lucke
Well, well I say, aboue all worldly mucke
Ne house nor Land, we beare away I knoe
I naked came, and naked hence must goe.

The greatest King, must passe the selfe same way
Our day of byrth, and burial all are a like
Their ioy, their pompe, their wealth and rich aray
Shall soone consume, like snow that lies in dike
No Bucklar serues, when sodaine death doth strike
As sone may come, a poore mans soule to blys
As may the rich, or greatest Lord that is

Well ere my breath, my body doe forsake
My spriete I do, bequeath to God aboue
My bookes, my skrowls, and songs that I did make
I leaue with friends, that freely did me loue
To flyting foes, whose mallice did me moue
I wyshe in haste, amendment of their wayes
And to the Court, and courtiers happy dayes.

My fortune straunge, to straungers do I leaue
That straungly ran, retain such straunge mishap
To such as still, in world did me displeaue
I wish they may, beware of such like trap
To sclaunderous tongues, that hyld me with their clap
I wish more rest, than they haue giuen mee
And blesse those shrewes, that curst and crabbed bee.

To such

To such as yet, did never pleasure man
I giue those rimes, that nips the gawled back
To such as would, do good and if they can
I wish good luck, long life, and boyd of lack
To curtish karles, a whyp and Collyars sack
And to the proud, that stands vpon their braues
A waynskot face, and twenty crabtree staues.

To surly syers, that scorns the meaner sort
A Nightcap hoord, with Fopns I them bequeath
To such as skowle, at others good report
(And lets match store, by their owne painted sheath)
In line of luck, I giue a willow wreath
To such as are, vnnaemd and merits much
The stone I leaue, that tries the gold by tuch.

To gentill race, with good conditions ioynd
I wish more ioy, than man imagin may
And sens for poore, I haue no money coynd
God graunt them al a mery mariage day
To such as doth delight in honest play
I wish the gold, that I haue lost thereby
And all the wealth, I want before I dye.

Now friends shake hands, I must be gone my hopes
Our mirth takes end, our triumph all is done
Our tryfling talk, our sportes and merry topes
Do slyde away, like shadowe of the Sun
Another coms, when I my race haue run
Shall passe the time, with you in better syte
And finde good cause, of greater things to wryte.

FINIS.

A dis-

A DISCOVRSE HOVV vertue semes to sleape and Iustice is euer awaken.

When vertue layd her down to slepe,
and wold no longer wake::
And wicked woꝛld did wanton waxe,
as vice would tryumph make.

I safe and mused al the whyle,
on thinges of wondꝛous weight,
As though our latter iudgement daye
at hand wer comming streight.

Foꝛ loe ech land and kyngdome large,
in compas of my vewe:
Stode all bespꝛead with wayling wightes,
and soden soꝛrowes new.

Some ran to rayse dame vertue vp,
but none durst stir her thoe:
Disoꝛdꝛed life kept people backe,
and sayd let vertue goe.

Dead slepe hath caught her foꝛ a space,
to plague poꝛe haughty heads:
That wallowes in their wayward willes,
on pleasures wanton beds.

The feble folke that liues in feare,
and feede in cottage colde
Were halfe amasde to heare the tale,
that lawles life had tolde

Is vertue

A discourse of vertue.

Is vertue slumbring now alas,
(quod) one that felt much wrong:
Than shall the poore with pensiue minde,
complaine of grief so long.

This was no sooner said but loe,
in fields and forrests thick:
I heard a heap of wounded hearts,
that pincht were neare the quicke.

Crye out so loud they perst the cloudes,
and in their roaring tune:
They did pronounce that wretched folke,
full sone should come to ruine.

If sacred Gods that guides the Starres,
and rules both Sun and Moone:
Brought not a hore of precious balme,
to salue the mischiefe soone.

In this discourse and doleful brutes,
came reuell roughly clad:
And made wild hauocke round the rõme,
as all the world were mad.

And so was barebraine braples abroche,
and men embrued in blood:
Began to striue with stout attempts,
For rule and worldly good.

The

The horse did see where lay his strength,
and would not rayned bee:
The Ore forsooke the wonted plow,
the Asse would needes goe free.

And flang the burthen on the flooze,
thus sauage grew they all:
That had ben tame and meeke as Lambe,
and long at maisters call.

The common sort beholding this,
left labour care and toyle:
And sought through sleights & snatchinge
to thriue and liue by spoyle. (shifts

Now dullards were so quicke of sence,
they gan dispute the case:
And sifted finelye flowre from Bzanne,
and had so trim a grace.

They could beguyle the Mylnar smoth,
and make the Baker smyle:
It was a woꝛld to see the woꝛld,
And woꝛldlings all the whyle.

When folly wꝛought by slipper meanes,
to reach beyonde the wyse.
As though blynde Bayard bouldres rude
could bicare cleare Argos eyes.

Yet

Yet diuelish braynes and depe deceite,
did driue such combrous drifftes,
That playnes in a pilgrims wede,
was put vnto her shiftes.

True dealing was but cald a doult
or els Gods foole in deede.
Dame flattery claymed frindship,
yet fayld her frend at neede.

And robbry was good purchace held
and lust was solace swete:
And they were cald the liuely ladds
that had the quickest spryte.

Some said lords hestes wer held for lawes
but those were Chaulcers woords,
And fayth did fayle in old priest sawes,
tush all this was but boordes.

Yet in flat earnest this was true
the gredy gropt for gayn:
And bugry guts might gnaw their gūms
and still in greeke complayn.

And priuate profite prowld for pence,
her purse lay open wyde:
Thus publike state with rufull noyse,
vnto the Heauens cryde.

For helpe

For help and succour to the harmes,
that fell on curssed earth:
That never yet was pure and free,
from plagues since Abels birth.

O wytles wightes the Gouves said thoe,
that sits aboue the skies:
O people vaine why do you pewle,
and make sutch wretched cries.

Thinke you we haue forgotten cleane,
the feeble force of man:
Saw we not what should come to passe,
ere first the world began.

Yees sure, and ordeind good'y lawes,
to stay your strugling states:
And alwayes helde vp Justice still,
to end your sharp debates.

Are you so childish to beleue,
though vertue seeme to dreame:
That we will suffre stately vice,
to striue against the streame.

No, no, our lawes shall linke you fast,
in leagues of loue full long:
And learne ech man to know his owne,
and what is right and wrong.

The

A discourse of vertue.

The pillars that holdes vp the howse.
and props vnto the same:
Are knowen among good workmen all,
of such as buildings frame.

What comforteth kinges and common weals,
and keepes the land in awe:
But noble rule and threatning sword,
and worthy vpright law.

Though vertue do not shyne so bright
as she was wont of olde:
In iustice seat if you list search,
her beames you may beholde.

At times and termes as temperance tunes,
the stringes that are amisse:
So is we reformes the wilful worlde
When out of square it is.

And Iustice sure shal neuer dye,
while Solons name is knowen:
And whiles that wit and reason learnes
ech man to know his owen.

These words thus spoke of fearful Gods,
the world shrank backe for feare:
And I beleu'de mine abel bed,
these thinges had dreamed there.

FINIS.

CHVRCHYARDES dreame written to Maister VVilliam Harbert Esquier dwellinge at Sainct Gillians by Carlion in VVALES.

SOm men affirme dreams are vntrue,
But what the iudgment is of you,
I know not yet, but wel I think,
They may proceede of meat and drink,
Receiu'd before the slepe we take,
Complexions often fancyes make,
And talke of thinges ore night before
Bredes dreãs in mens beds gret store,
But this you know the powers aboue
Our earthly vessels here doth moue
By cowrs as they are of their kynd,
And sets their motions in our mynd
As one might say we nothing do,
But Planets prickes vs therunto,
Loke how the Heauens ordre is,
The earth must follow, graunt me this,
Then we that of the earth are made,
Must needes obay the heauens trade.
Fowre Ellementes of ech ye kno
Of all we feele, the ruel is so:
Some won more mixt therwith we se,
And subiect more then others be
To them among vs here remayne
But what of that, to breake my brayn

About disputing of such thing
Or yet my wits in errors bring
I neede not search so deepe a case
I should but run beyond my race.
Yet of some dreames that are diuine
Let me a litle heere define
For priuy warnings God doth giue
By sleepes to those that heere do liue
Was not the dreams of Kings sought out
By Daniel who, made cleare eche doubte
That by the same might rise or spring
Takes God no care but for a King
Is not the poore to him as deare
The meanest as the greatest peare
Thought on of him, peas than be sure
By dreames sometimes he doth procure
A man to think on, things to come
A dreame may speake that seemeth dom.
A dreame hath life though sleepes full ded
Breede fancies in, an Idell hed
Some when they wake do sone forget
What sweuons in the night they met
And driues the day to end with all
And at the length vnwares doth fal
In that great flood or in that streame
That they are warnd of by their dreme.
But I that for to shun is glad
The daunger of a dreame I had
Do tell the same, loe this it was
Me thought from home as I did pas
Unto your house you said that tide
You had a iorney for to ride
A horse you lent me for the same
So forth we rode and had good game.

Note

The dreame beginnes.

We lawght and checkled all the way
But as you know that after playe
Comes care and sorrow so it fell
When I beleu'd that all was well
You frownd and flang from me far of
And as I vsed thus to skofe
I gested still and followed fast
But you ouer roed me at the last
And for I would not tire my nag
I shapte my selfe behind to lag
Alone I pyckt and palfray spoyd
And mutch I thought ye spake no woyd
Sauc that I said with voyce full loe
What wil my friend forsake me soe?
What new told tale doth turn him thus
No tale a top it is ywus
No top he is to wise therefore
Some thing it is pea lesse or more
But what it is I neede not feare
For search my consience eu'ry where
And cleare it standeth in ech trade
To him since he my friend I made.
Thus musing on my guiltlesse cace
I then began to mend my pace
And as the Diuell would it so
That ill hap should not forgo.
(When mischieues come they fal on heap)
My horse did start and gan to leape
The Jade I think had seene a spriete
He made the fier rise from his feete
Out of the stones where he did tramp
Lord then how I did stare and stamp
And thrust the spurrs into his side
But girth and Saddel had abide.

They fell from Horſe full all to broke
And in the myer, flat like an oke
I lay along, but what of that
Ere I roſe vp, and found my hat
Which lay faſt by, an Elders rote
My Horſe was gone, and I on fote.
My face with dirt, was ſo araid
It made the horſe, thereof afraid
For as I ran the Jade to get
The poore plaine people that I met
Thought ſure I had bin clean beſtraught,
One gaue me way, another laught
The third ſaid ſir go waſh your face
But ſtill I had my heaſt in chace
And ran not ſweating half a mile
But toke the Jade againſt a ſtile
By that was Curttals brydell loſt
And I might ride (but not in poſt)
On gawlded back and carrayn bones
The harneys, Saddell all at ones
Was broke as ſayd afore I haue
Than could I call no Oſtelar knaue
Note For face him downe my geare was gon
And pickt away by hangers on
That follow geaſts to euery In
By ſhift ſome payre of Botes to win
Such filtchars haue ſo great a lack
They ſteale the Sadel from the back
But I that brought a Saddel out
Might ride now like a gentle lout
There was no theefe to ſhrowd my ſhame
But plain pore Tom to beare the blame
What needes more words, of this to ſpeake
Get vp I did on horſe full weake.

My

My gyrdle was the bridell then
Thus rode I like a clean pong man,
A greatter fyre was in the straw,
As in the dreame methought I saw,
A further mischiefe after this
I found and felt lo this it is,
As I my iorney thought to take,
The horses backe in two it brake,
But kept his bones iuxel my cors
Amid the belly of the horse
I loked stil when he would fall.
He semd to haue no harme at all,
And kept the way and bore it oute.
With that I would haue torned about,
To see if al belongd him to
Would serue as they wer wonte to do,
His lims I mean, which were so sore
That he had mynd to turne no more
But homward held as fast amayn,
As any Ienet could of Spayn:
Or Irish hobby fayre and fat
I would not haue beleued that
If one had told it for no lye
But sure I saw it with myne eye
As wel as in a dreame I might
I lay no hed on thinges by night,
As in the day I had them sene
This was of troeth and this I wene
Hath difrence farre, for troeth is sownde
And wening dwels on double grownd,
But since I come vnto this clause
Now wil I talke and show some cause
Of dreams, and let the matter rest
Of my deformed broke backt beast,

Note

Yet shall my pen hereafter playne
Unto my purpose turne agayne.
Note There was a man, my self might be
That in a Dreame did think to se
A Sargeant come with Mace in hand
Who sayd good sir I pray you stand
I you arest for Det you knowe
To whome the money you do owe
And if you haue forgot the som
Unto the cownter you must come
And to your action aunswer make
What knaue quod he dost thou mistake
The man I think that thou doest seeke
I owe not al the World a leeke
Wherefore I list not the obay
He drew his sword and made a fray
Clobbs cried the Sargeant all in feare
Out came the towns men euery wheare
And from the Windmil this dreamd he
Where hakney horses hired be
This man was driuen by plain strength
And ran into a Church at length
That at saint Larance lane end stands
Yet could not scape, the Sargeants hands
Forth was he brought, and mannaste soer
But friends he found (to salue the sore)
Among the Sargeants all on heape
So that vnto, the Goate in Cheape
He brought was then, and there to send
For Friends to make, of this an end
Which was found out, and had discharge
And where he would he went at large
Loe therewith did this man awake
Yet of this dreame discourse did make.

Vnto

Unto one Feeld with whome he lay
Who bade him not go forth that day
For by a figure found he had
If he went forth he should he lad
Unto the Counter, or scape hard
This man did litle that regard
Think you (quod he) the planets may
Cause me to find ill luck this day
As though they had the rule of man
Do what you will said to him than
His bed fellow, who straightway rose
And out of doze ful fast he goes
The dreamer followed as he might
When clothes were on and day was light
But he no soner in the streete
But loe a Sargeant, did he meete
And as before you told I haue
It came to passe so God me saue
This is no fable made for mirth
For by that Lord that made the earth
The heauens toe, and all therein
Beleeue me now, this thing hath bin
Late in the raigne of Mary Queene
And then the profe of this, was seene
All men haue not a gift alike
Some God doth warne, before he strike
Some haue grosse wits, some heads deuine
For diuers graces God doth sine
To man as pleaseth him to shoe
Wherfore let vs confesse and knoe
He made not man so vile a thing
And set him heere, as Lord and King
Of al the works he did create
But he takes care for mans estate

John Fied by VVakefyeld

Yet shall my pen hereafter playne
Unto my purpose turne agayne.
Note There was a man, my self might be
That in a Dreame did think to se
A Sargeant come with Mace in hand
Who sayd good sir I pray you stand
I you arest for Det you knowe
To whome the money you do owe
And if you haue forgot the som
Unto the cownter you must come
And to your action aunswer make
What knaue quod he dost thou mistake
The man I think that thou doest seeke
I owe not al the World a leeke
Wherefore I list not the obay
He drew his sword and made a fray
Clobbs cried the Sargeant all in feare
Out came the towns men euery wheare
And from the Windmil this dreamd he
Where hakney horses hired be
This man was driuen by plain strength
And ran into a Church at length
That at saint Larance lane end stands
Yet could not scape, the Sargeants hands
Forth was he brought, and mannaste soer
But friends he found (to salue the sore)
Among the Sargeants all on heape
So that vnto, the Goate in Cheape
He brought was then, and there to send
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John Fied by VVakefyeld

And reasons with man euery houre
And in his Uessels still doth poure
UUhat liquor he thinks meete therefore
Note The pot can neuer boile no more.
Than Coke doth list to put therein
For Coke makes broth, both thick and thin:
The pottar likewise hath in choyce
In which pot he wil most reioyce.
UUhich Uessell is for honour made,
And which must serue, a seruiell trade
The pottar knees, and fashions all
Else blind and weak we might him call
If pot or any uessell cleare
To other purpose serued heere
Than he before hath ordayned plaine
To whome the vse of potts pertaine
As I might say a gardner good
Yet neuer throughly vnder stood
UUhat weedes & floures were mete to gro
UUith in his Garden, euen so
Is that as true that God doth want
Foresight of any earthly plant
That in his vineyard beareth grapes
You graunt that God doth giue men shapes
And doth he giue, but forme alone
A picture wrought, of flesh and bone
And lets man think, what thought he will
Doth not he giue him wit and skill
And lets such thoughts amid mans hart
As cannot come, by kinde, nor art
If God haue giuen life and breath
And in his hand, haue life and death
How should not he, now would I lerne
The minds of men, before deserue

Ere

Ere they or thought, what they shalbe
If God the cause, thereof do se
Than must they needes from him proceede
As Ground and rote, of ech good deede
For what were flesh: that no life had
And life from feeling were as bad
And feeling comes, by reasons leze
Than reason haue we not before
We do receiue of God that gift
Why than there is no other shift
But he that putteth in the same
Must needes be maister of the game.
If nought be put into the pot
It cannot seeth full well ye wot.
Who boyls the pot and makes the fire
Puts things therein at his desire
A broken pot, ye call that still
That neither serues, to good nor ill.
An needeleſſe pot, God doth not make
That will no kinde, of Licour take.
What Pitchard will for water go
Be it not born, than way this so
No man may thinke, a thought say I
But it is ordayned, from an hie
And powred in vs by his meane
That seeth eu'ry thing full cleane
And knoweth wel to what entent
Ech Veſſel at the first was ment
And to such vse as they were wrought
He letteth them be drawn and brought.
And boldly now, if I durst speake
I think the makers wit were weake
To form a thing, and doth not kno
To what entent, he made it so.

Note

Than

Than this must follow if he knue
Of all his worke what should ensue
Their course was set in his foresight
Ere that he made, the day and night
So needes they must befall likewise
Than should we not no cause dispise
That learns vs how to know his power
Which worketh in vs euery houre
A wake a sleepe at meat at rest
We must find lodging for that guest
He will come in and make a store
And knock hard at thy consience dore
And threaten scourges for thy sin
And speak and talk to the with in
And tell the things that are amis
And say thou fole beware of this
Thou dest offer thy God I am
That for to warne thee thither came
To shun the plagues for thee prepard
But if this warning be not heard
And men in sin still slepe and snort
And of such visions makes a sport
Than shall they feele no dreame it was
When proofe of this doth come to pas
He that will not be warnde by sleepe
When he awakes, may chaunce to weepe
In Scripture haue I red sometime
How Jhon saw soules to heauen clyme
And Jacob dreamd he saw the rams
Leaping this to the chosen Lams
God doth appeare yea euery wheare
And sleeping rounds men in the eare
As Jobe doth say, and I could tell
How diuers authors shewes full wel

That

That dreams do signifie to some
Great cares and troubles for to come
And vnto other shewes likewise
What mirth and Ioy there shal arise
I write not this as for a creede
Let men trust dreams as they shal neede
Some dreams spring fro a feeble brayne
And some of sicknes and of paine
And other subiects many a on
Of which I will deuise vpon
In dreams are doubts and double sreaks
Some sleepes yet in his dreame he speaks
And riseth vp yet not a wake
And in the house mutch noyse doth make
He turns the Lock and goes his way
Out of the doze as at noone day
And doth sutch things as falles in hed
By dreame and after comes to bed
He barres al fast where he had bin
And neuer falles nor breaks his shin
Yet seemes to sleepe yea all the while
But he that seeth the same may smile
And wonder at that Idle brayne
That in the Bed is layd againe
Who late in sleepe abrode he saw
Another sort wil search the straw
And thrust a Knife through bed and al
What may we now this dreaming call
Of our complexions come this geare
No sure of some mad freak I feare
They rise they breede, and norisht be
And grors in men by some degree
That custome makes to folow kynd
Or els they spring on troubled minde

For charged couchans burthend sore
Of some shrewd acte foule don before
Which pricks the inward parts of man
That bed nor fancy rests not than
Though body as his custome is
Must slepe or nature holdes with this
Yet where the conshens is not clean
There seekes the deuil for to lean,
And leaues no way that may be soughte
To plant therin dispayred thought,
And makes the dreamer lowd to crye
He comes I se him with myne eye
And sweats for fear this known I haue
And hard how some do vse to raue
And start vpright as they wer wood,
Some say it commeth of a blood
A Blood I feare as doctors sayth
That springeth of default of fayth,
Some are of such a weake beleefe
They thinke ech mouse should be a theef
And euery Rat that runns about
Should be a deuil out of dout
Such folke as well durst lie alone,
As I dare eate a loade of stone
God neuer thought was on that day,
At night then how should any way
Such belhounds sleep of deu'lish deeds,
Nothing but fearful dreams proceds,
Their mindes on mischief runs so fast
That feare of god or world is past
As long as they can finde a mate
To chat with all to lie or prate
In surety than, yea all on hose
They think they stand, amid their rose

But whan alone they hap to goe
Theyr conscience doth accuse them soe
They may not sit ne sleepe nor rest
But gnawing worms are in theyr brest
And trembling thoughts doth them confound
These men must needes now sleepe vnsound
Of whose mad dreames so God me speede
I thinke wise folke, ought take good heede
And giue them counsell in this case
And learn them for to feele the grace
That God doth promise to vs all
With faithfull heart, that to him call
Good prayer sure may salue this griefe
This is a part of my beliefe.
And for to proue that saying true
I wil rehearse a thing to poue
Which hath ben tride and tride againe
Wherefore giue eare I list not faine
I knew my selfe and of late dayes
A father that was mutch to prayes
In bringing vp his babes ech on
He might be cald a parragon
In teaching youth and vsing age
Would god ech man would weare his bage
And seeke his liuery for to haue
Then in their hearts they should engraue
The feare of God, his armor cote
And all the worship that he gote,
His armes, his collours and his creft
His hope, his curatts for his brest
His shield, his sword, his ennmies rod
And to be short the feare of God
Was all or moste, of his delite
In fleshly tables God did wryte

Note

His

His law, his feare and blessed will
Far past the compasse of our skill
Note I meane within the humble minde
(Of this goodman well bent of kinde)
With perfect stamp was printed fast
The law and feare I spake of last
As all his Children taught he well
To one apart this did he tell
(More oftner than vnto the rest
Perhaps that boy, he loued best)
How if he would his blessing win
Than with this ruell he must begin
First every morning when he rose
Before he had put on his close
He should a solempne prayer say
To God to keepe him al the day
That he did purpose well to spend
And when the day, was brought to end
(And should repayre vnto his bed)
Another prayer should be sed
Before he slept, if this he did
In every point, as he was bid
The Father sayd, that God on hie
Would bless the place, where he did lie
And giue an Angell, charge he sed
To keepe good watch, about the bed
That neither feend nor fearfull sight
Should vexe the silly soule that Night
His sunne that lesson kept full well
And neuer from that order fel
But most deuoutly that he vse
Till wanton life, had him abuse
And made him minde, such follies beare
As retchlesse youth, doth buy ful deare

Whose

Whose pleasurs when the son had caught,
The goodly rule his father taught
In very deede forgotten was
And little did this yong man passe
How he the day or night had spent
But here what plagues was after sent. Note
What restles slepes and dreams he had,
For sometymes as he had bin mad
(When in the bed he downe was layd)
He did such thinges as would have frayd
The stoutest man, that treads on shue,
And further more I may tell you
He was afeard himselfe ful oft
For nothing stood by him so soft
(With in the chamber that he slept)
But therwith under clothes he crept
And durst not speake of any thynge
To be of al the world a king.
These fancyes did not change him so
But he had tormentes many moe
Of other secret fears within
When for to slepe he did begin,
Which altred him on such a sort
I cannot make therof report
Such frights and starting in the bed,
And of his mowth, I have hard sed
He thought he saw and market it wel
A thowsande Deuils out of hel
Come running on him al at ones
Som tore his flesh, some tore his bones
Some flang him down as then he thought
And was therwith in slomber brought,
But stil his fancies did him frame,
To crye alowd on Iesus name.

Yea

Yea such as slept with him haue hard
That he the blessed name prefard
Note Of Iheſus surely first of all,
And when thereon this man did call
His rage of stormes began to slake
And streight from sleepe he did awake
Than would he looke vnto the Lord
And so the Fathers rueil record
No sooner was a prayer said
But sound as babe in Cradel laid
He slept, and hath done often sence
This proues that vnder Gods defẽce
Man wakes & slepes, and dreams somwhiles
And as he at our folly smiles
A gentle warning doth he giue
Because he would haue sinners liue
And so conuert, for causes knowen
To him that sits in sacred throne
He guides and gouerns euery where
And brings the hawty hearts in feare
To make men knowe from whence we haue
The quiet sleepes, and rest we craue
I could of dreames mutch more reſite
But this suffiseth that I write
To shew that dreames of many men
Are true, or mosions now and then
To make vs way in ballance right
That God with wonders workes his might
And doth in sleepe a message send
(Unto some purpose and some end)
To man whose thoughts and doings both
He seeth and markes what path he goth
Now to retourne (I thinke it best)
Where I did leaue, and shew the rest

How

How that my horſe that tombling iade
To be at home ſuch labour made,
Yet muſt I nedes now wonder how
This monſtruous thing cold bear me thow
But thinges in dreams yea know may ſeme
That out of dreams no man wil deme
As did this to, for who would thinke,
(Or in his bed could let it ſinke)
That in the bowels of a beaſt
Thus I could ryde, or at the leaſte
How horſe away ſo faſt did trot,
The dreame would haue it ſo I wot
Now when to ſtable doze we cam
The roile ſtoode ſtil as any Lam
Then did I light and went my waye
Thereat the horſe began to neye
He made ſo loud and ſhrill a ſownd
As though in ſunder ſhake the grownd:
I neuer ſaw in ſuch a heate,
(When on the earth his feete he beat)
No beaſt nor man, nor liuing thing
And as the brute therof did ryng
Within your eares you came to ſee
What rule and reuel this might be,
Wherwith the horſe againſt his kind
In reaſon did declare his mind
And ſpake in order like a man
But when to talke the horſe began
You muſde and all your houſe ech one,
That ſtil ſtode muſyng there vppon
But loe he told his tale ſo wel
And ſo reherſid euery dell
How I within his belye rode
That pon than without more abode

Churchyardes dreame.

In his behalfe sayd vnto me
Is this an honest prancke of the
First to offend me as thou knowest
Cyan further in thy folly goest
And breaks the back of my poore hors
And after ridest in his cors
And not content with that foule part
But here againe, returned art
To set my heart on anger more
Perchance thou mayst repent it sore.
This sayd, the Horse fell downe starke ded
And to another world you fled
And left your wife your Childe and all
To that which after might befall.
My friend thus gone (quod I) alas
Mans life is brittle as the glas
And with the griefe that I did take
Out of my dreame I did awake.
And when at full I had it skand
I tooke my pen and ynk in hand
Ye ere I had put on my close
Or out of Bed that day I rose
This did I write, this did I pen,
In such a plight my head was then
And by my troth with no more time,
I write to you this barrayn rime,
Wherefore asham'de, I am to send
A matter now so basely pend,
To any friend or learned man
That iudgement hath as well ye can
Both iudge and mend the faults herein,
Or when the like is to begin
A better make, yet take in worth
Such fruict as my, bare tree brings forth

If

If sweeter apples could it yeeld,
Than with sowre wieldings of the field
And such dry crabs, new taine from tree
You should not thus presented bee.
But where there growes no goodly figs
And springs hard breers and rubbish twigs
Out of such brambles seeke you not
No more than of hedge weedes are got.
How should I hit in Chausers vayne
Or touch the eyp, of Surries brayne
Or dip my pen in Petrarkes stile
Sens cunning lak I all the while
And basely haue I ben brought vp
I neuer sipt on knowledge Cup
Nor could come neare the troth to tell
To drink a draught of that swete well
That springeth from Pernassus hil
Were I once there to drink my fill
Or that fayre fountaine might I keepe
Amongs the Poets there to sleepe
I would so make my belly swell
With bibbing of this worthy well
That euery word out of my brest
Should be a sentence at the least.
And euery sentence from my bed
Should way in weight a pound of led.
And euery lyne with pen I wrate
Should wear a Garland Lawreate.
I meane my stile should be so hie
That I should shew I sucked drye
Pernassus spring, and make men think
If euer Poets pen and pnk
Or wel cowcht lines did prayse attaine
My verse should euery tongue constraine

To giue me laude but alla mis
And out of frame, the matter is
I neuer knew what muses ment
No gift of pen, the Gods me sent
But such as in, wide woꝛld I found
And digged vp, in stony ground
Where I do tumble, vp but stones
And if I hap among the bones
Where any Poet hath bin layd
Loꝛd God then am I well a payd
And as good reliks I them hold
That is but Oꝛos, to speake of Gold
Though they aliue were at my call
And I could not attain at all
No part of their deepe secret skill
I should be but a hobblar still
Yet hobble foꝛth I must neeres now
Foꝛ if I should let go the plow
And backward loke how I haue don
Than all were mard I had begon.
Foꝛ as the faults to mend I sought
I might in such dispayꝛe be brought
That I should fling the pen a side
Should euery one that shutteth wyde
Giue oer the pastime God defend
An Archars hand, may daily mend
A wꝛiters skill, may ryper bee
He stombleth now, that wel may see
And fall no whit, another day
Alas poꝛe soule, what do I say
To help my self, as though ther might
Com vnto me, a clearer light
No no the mist, is great I see
That is betweene the Sun and mee

The

The blacke cloudes of vnconning darke
Do couer clean the whyte marke
I seeke to hit, I roue far of
And byte a peece, but on that lof
Where other cuts a cantel great
At knowledge doze I do but beat
And knock when thousands steppeth in,
God knowes I cannot finde the gin
Noz may set hand vppon the latch
Yet take they as great payn that watch
To enter there, as those I say
Whom learning shoes the redy waye
But they deserue their prayses moest.
That knowledge wins in any coeste
And foz my lucke was neuer such
Taquaint my self with knoledge mutch
I seke no prayse, but thankes I craue
Foz my good wil, and foz I haue
In Uer se set downe this dream at full,
In deede I did no fethers pul
From other Byrds to patch this plume
But as in bed I had a rume.
Oz fancy better might be namde,
So all this Dream here I haue framd,
Accozding as in thought hit fell
Wherfoze I pray you take it well.

FINIS.

NOw note you Readers of this dreame
And of the garment rip the seame
And se what lies in foldes of cloth,
I meane marke how this storz goeth.

Churchyardes dreame.

And how my dreame, against my mynd
Tooke force and vertue as I fynde.
I dreamd I lost a frend in deede,
Yea such a frend, who now should nede:
Will say that I A Jewel lost.
But now to speake that sarueth most,
Unto my dreame and purpose here
The same selfe day the hour and peere,
That I did dream, my frend was gon
(And he at leysure looke theron)
The selfe same weke, he bad farwel
To all the world, when passing bell
A witnes was, to that adue.
For xx. yeares, the man I knue
But if to me (good god would geue)
The grace that I ten skore might liue
I were right sure, in all these dayes
To mete with none, so worthy prayse
O Harbert thou dost harber now
Where I If I could compas how
Would haue a harbor for my barke
But thou in light, and I in dark
Are seured far the more my dole
And suerer, harbred is thy sole,
In wicked world no harbor is
The end of labor is our blis
Where Harbert bugs in Abrams breft,
And where the chosen Lambs shal reft

FINIS.

A TALE OF A FREER and a ſhoemakers VVife.

IN VVales there is a boꝛough Towne,
Carmarden hight the ſame:
Where dweit ſometime a luſty Freer,
I neede not ſhew his Name.
This Freer was fat and full of fleſh,
a iolly merry knaue,
Who with the goſſips of the towne,
himſelf could well behaue.
Thoſe wealthy wiues and thꝛifty dames
could neuer make good cheare:
Noꝛ wel diſpute of Peeters keis
if abſent were this Freer.
He ſaid his Mattens in their Eares
and Ghoſpell at their Bed.
And ſparde no ſeruice foꝛ the quick,
noꝛ cared foꝛ the dead
With abbots eaſe and fating wel,
this Freer ſo wanton was:
That neither maid noꝛ married wife,
his Doꝛtour doꝛe might pas.
Without ſome flop ſutch tales he laid,
to make them ſtomble in:
That by his lyfe men geſt he thought,
that letchery was no ſyn.
A louing Freer good fellow like,
in thoſe dayes was he held:
In euery coꝛner of the Towne,
good company out he ſmeld.

And as ye know in haunting long,
all sortes of people thear:
Ye must find out some bayting place
a place most foule or fear
A daynty morsel for his tooth,
these Fryers lou'de well to fare:
Though some were pleasd w cheesis stil,
some found a better share.
As did this honest brother in Christ,
by gosseping about:
Who whan he would a hakney ryde,
had found a palfray out.
A nag mutch of a Womans height,
that sted for to bear:
More sacks perchaunce vnto the Mil,
than corn was grinded there.
I not declare what trim conceipts
he gaue hir al the while:
Ere he obtaind the thing he sought,
how he his tongue could file.
To talke and mince the matter well
the better to disgrast:
And how full oft at morrow Masse,
his mistresse could he kast.
And after none to Gardeins walk,
and gathered Posies gaie
And wore them closely in his cowll,
as he did seruice say.
Nor can not shew you half the feats,
he wrought to please his trull:
But those most fit for you to read,
here put in rime I will.
Note A Shoemaker that held a shop,
farre from his dwelling place

A fayre

A fayre wife had a good browne wench,
and come of no il race,
Some say of Waggtailles pretty foles
a kyndred great and good: (torne
That knows what shears will serue the
when shrews do shape a whood.
The chiefe of this great linage leads,
their liues like holy Nuns,
That for relicke in Gadding tyme,
about the Cloister runnes
A catterwawling once a weeke,
in breath to kepe them well
Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
when they lead Apes in hell,
This woman went not out of kynd
and sure for Simons sake,
She vsd greate deedes of charity
and mutch a do did make
Saint Simon was a goo dly man
the fryer might so be calde,
I touch no further lest he kicke,
for sure his backe is galde.
Aliue the man was many yeres,
sens abbaies were suppressed
And dwelt not far from Cardife towne
When written was this Jest
But to my tale let me returne,
this Woman seldom faild,
The morrow masse at foure a clok,
to see how Christ was naild.
Unto the crosse to whom she kneeld,
with boke and beads in fist
And for deuotion many tymes,
this gentle fryer she kist.

she

At euery Pater noster while,
which was a precious thing.
And Iesus how it did her good,
to heare his lubbor sing.
And when he mend about his face.
and loked through the queare:
She skrat her head, she sat on pricks
and crept the aultar neare.
This custome kept she many daies,
the Freer thereof full glad:
Yet still referd his other spoyt,
til better time were had.
You must conceyue this merry man,
in Iestes and light consaits:
His head was set and for the same
full oft he laid his baits.
To laughe and pas the the time away,
such topes he would deuise:
That few men for the mirth thereof
the matter could despise.
Note Upon a day appointed was,
this wife as was her vse:
Should early come to morrow Masse
there might be made no skuse.
She kept his houre and hard she kneeld,
without the Doyttour doze:
The Freer came forth and halde her in,
and slang his on the floze.
Fie, fie, sir Freer she cried a pace,
but what should moze be sed:
She was content to take his ease,
and leap into the Bed.
And as mine author doth declare,
the sounder for to sleepe:

She had no more vppon her thoe
then hath a shoren sheepe.
Sir Simkin had no points to lowse
in Cowll and all he skips:
God send my frier weil forth agayne,
the Moue was in the clips.
How long he lay or what he did,
in sooth I cannot tel
But at the length the Sexten went
and rang the Sarues bel
The Frier with rope about his necke
the mattens was begun
That he that mourne would sing or say.
and all the lessons dun
Yet vp he most for feare of checke,
his course was come to ryse
The night before he tooke his rest
to heale his bleared eyes.
A law ther was within that house
Who slept the saruice out
In fraetrie should he hoist ful hie,
and whipt like breechles lout.
Wherfore to tinder bore he stept,
and light a Sies in hast
And as he gyrded knotted kord.
ful hard about his wast
Lye stil he sayd vnto his guest,
I must go take some payn:
And sing a Psalme within the Queere,
but I wil come agayne,
Out goes he then, that likt her not,
she durst not lie alone
For feare of bugges, thus leaue I nowe
a bed this good wife Ione.

And tel you how in quier ful lowde
this shauen cocke he croes
And dround his fellowes euerychone,
he sang so in the nose
But as he found the plain song booke,
ful smothly could he smile,
Yet none of al the couent could,
perceiue him al the whyle
To mend his mirth and make him laugh
a fancye fel in thought,
He saw the owner of that beast,
that he had rid for nought.
The husband of the wife indeede
that he in bed had lafte,
Who walkt within the church beneath,
all careles of this craft,
Be god thought he I wil go proue,
this man if he do knoe
His wife by measuring her foote,
or marke vpon her toe,
For if I so deceiue the foole,
and make the wife afeard
He nor his wife is nere the worse,
a heare not of his beard
And I shal mutch the better be
and laughing haue at wil,
Thus ev'ry way and be my lucke,
I shal haue sport my fill
Down went this good religious man
where harnelbie husband walkt
And coyfly made and dowkt ful loe
and as he with him talkt.
I haue (q he) known thee right long,
and stil the troeth to say.

I haue the found a faithfull Friend,
in euery kinde of way
A cuſtomer thou haſt of me,
my money I beſtowe
On thee before al other men
that dwels within thy rowe.
And to be playne I loue thee well
and playner now I am
Then giue good eare I ſhal declare,
wherefore to the I cam.
But wiſe and warely vſe my words,
and keepe my councell both
Thy promis is ſufficient band,
I will no further othe
This man full well he knew his good,
who crutched to the ground
Sweete ſir (quod he) tell on your minde,
I am your beadman bound
Thou knoweſt my Neighbor men muſt liue
and haue a Wench ſometime,
And we poore Freers muſt keepe it cloſe,
for feare of open crime
It were a ſpot vnto our houſe,
a ſclander to our name
When we haue ſport if all the world
ſhould vnderſtand the ſame.
For God himſelf doth giue vs leaue,
as thou haſt heard ere now
Although the world we do diſſeaue
in keeping of our bowe.
I am to long in preaching thus,
and time I do abues,
I haue a wench for whome thou muſt,
go make a payre of ſhoes.

Note

Let

Let them be good, when I thee pay,
a penny more to bote
I shall the giue, I lacke (quod) he,
the measure of her fote
Than boldly spake this bare fote Freer
by God that shalt thou haue:
If thou keepe close and follow me,
els cal the Freer a Knaue
The streight playne path to Dorter than,
they tooke the way full right:
The Freer before, but you must note,
it was not full day light.
Wherefore the man cam far behinde,
the Freer went in a pace
And cauld his Wench the others wife,
right close to hide hir face.
When entred was this honest man,
put forth thy foote (quod he)
The Freer I meane which at that time
the bolder man might be.
She thrust her leg out of the bed,
but head fall vnder cloes
She kept and curst the lasie Freer,
a hundred times God knoes.
The workeman tooke his measure well
and had no further care
The Freer well laught within his sleeue,
thus pleased both they are
But how the wife contented was
let wiues be iudge herein
That from their husbands bed somtime
in sutch like case hath bin.
Yet let me shew how she did quake,
and tremble al the while.

And wisht the ropetipe hangd full hie,
that did her thus beguile
And how for feare hir body was,
on water euery part
Hereafter shall you know likewise,
what hate was in hir hart
Which for the time she couerd well,
and near a word she spake
Hir husband hasted to his shop,
and so his leaue did take
I haue a payre of shoes (quod he)
(which I shall bryng anon)
All ready made for my wiues fote,
and hirs I think both one
Ye say the troth good mome thought she,
the Freer hath playd the knaue
Make for your wyfe what shoes you list,
the measure twise you haue.
The Freer runs forth, the man went home
the woman lay a space
As she had bin in swadling clowts
and durst not shew hir Face.
When she had found her self alone,
she rose and speede did make,
To bee at home ere hir goodman,
his breakfast cam to take,
As in her house she did arriue,
she bard the doore full fast
And burst a weeping like a babe,
and this she sayd at last.
O be shameles Knaue, not pleasd to spoyle
me of my wiuely fame
But at my fautes thy frantik head,
must make thereof a game.

Could

Could not my breatch of wedlockes band
content the, but in spyt
Thou must deuise so lewd a fact
my fayth with frawd to quite.
How dost thou know, I durst not stur
that couched was so neare
I might haue skapt my husbands wrath,
but thou hadst bought it deare.
If I had spoke as ones I thought
to do, my feare was such,
Thy folly had bene ten tymes more
though myne wer very much.
He might haue toke his wyfe agayne,
and knockt ful wel thy pate
And shau'd thy crowne another sort
then fawls for thyne estate
Or els he might haue shamd vs both,
and so refusd his wife
I could haue lin'd but wher wouldst thou,
haue led a Frears life?
O beastly wretch that of thy selfe
hast had so smal regard
As for the knauery shewde to me,
I wil it wel reward
Not for the malice due therfore,
but that I mynd to leaue
Example to thy fellows all
how they their frendes deceaue
Did I procure thee to this deede,
did not the Ghospel sweete
And mombling oft make me beleue,
a deuil was no spreete?
Dost thou not seeke me euery owre
to shew me thy good will,

And

And brought me grapes and goodly fruits,
among my gossips stil.
Thou caerst not if ten couple of hounds,
did follow me ful fast:
And I a Fox were in the field,
sins now thy geare is past.
Did not thy flying face full oft,
frame me thus to thy fist:
Than wast thou hot, now art thou cold,
or warms thee where thou list
A warming place within the towne,
here after mayst thou lacke:
And mis perchaunce so meete a seate,
to drink a cup of Sacke.
Thou keepst not such a diet still,
nor art not so precise:
But as the thirst doth come againe,
thy appetite will rise.
I pray to God it be my lot.
to see thee at that stay:
So thus the Woman held her peace,
and out she went hir way.
Unto the market for to seeke,
such things as housewives doe
You know that haue more skil than I,
what doth belong thereto.
The poore man brought the Freer his shoes
and thought no harme therein:
And to his labour did returne,
his living for to win.
His wife and he as they were wont,
ful quiet dayes did lead.
Ye neer perceyued by hir shoe,
where she awry did tread.

She went as vpright in the streete,
and with as good a grace
And set vpon hir follies past,
in deede as bold a face,
As she that neuer made offence,
for custome breedes a law:
And makes them kepe their countenãce
that once haue broke a straw. (trim,
Well, al the winter passed forth,
this couple at their wil:
The wife hir counsel kept ful close,
the pore man ment none ill.
But as the spring came on a pace,
the Freer wax wanton toe:
And fayne would nag, but credit lost
he knew not where to woe.
And so bethought him of the prank,
he playd in way of sport:
And sought to salue the sore again
with words and medcins short.
So he deuisde amends to make,
and turne it to a gest:
And thought to laugh the matter out
as it was meete and best,
And as by chaunce he met this wife,
Note god speede swete heart (quod he)
I maruel why these many dayes,
you are so strange to me.
The Fowlers merry whistel now,
must needes betrap the bird.
The wilye wife now shapte hir tongue,
to gine the Freer a gird:
Not strange (quod she) but that in faith,
I did vnkindly take:

The

The part ye playd, and yet I thought
it was for fauours sake
Or for som mirth, for if of spight,
it had byn wrought I kno:
I should haue had some shame ere this,
but sure I find not so.
I sweare by good saint Francis dame,
the troth thou sayest in deede:....
Wherefore let passe such follies old,
that may new quarels breede
And be my friend thou hast good wit,
thou knowest now what I meane:
Let all old iests long gone and past,
be now forgotten cleane.
The wife thus finding fortune good,
to compas that she would:
A gentill limet wig gan she make,
to take the Freer in hold.
Yet sheepte to saue them harmeles both,
from blot and worldly shame:
And quit the knacke, so shee might laughe,
and haue there at some game.
Well sir (quoth she) I know at full,
the meaning of your minde:
And would to God some honest way,
for you now I might finde.
My husband haply may me mis,
if I should come to you:
Than our old fatches will not serue,
we must deuise a nue.
A colour must the paynter cast,
on postes and patched walles:
Who takes away a stombling stock,
shall freely scape from falles.

The Fryers tale

A Iellows toy is taken ſone,
a trifle breedes miſtruſt:
Great daunger folows foule delights
as ſlaunder folowes luſt.
I will be won with worldly ſhame,
the pleaſures turns to payne:
Wherefore we neede a double Cloake,
to keepe vs from the rayne.
When that my huſband is in ſhop,
if you the paynes wil take:
To come vnto my houſe betimes,
there will we merry make.
But come as ſone and if you may,
as any day appeares:
The way ye know vnto my houſe,
it ſtandeth by the Freers.
I wil ſayd he, and ſight therewith.
ſo wrong her by the hand:
But little of the matter yet,
the Fole did vnderſtand.
As beetell brains are brought in breers,
before they ſee the ſnare:
So this wiſe woodcock in a net:
was caught ere he was ware.
The time cam on, the Freer was there,
and vp the ſtayers he went:
A cup of Malmſie (quod the wife,)
now would vs both content.
The little boy that is beneath,
ſhal ſone go fetch the ſame:
Take money with thee (quod) the Freer,
ſo thus goes down the dame.
Unto the boy and bad him run,
vnto the ſhop aboue:

And

And bid his maister come in haste,
if he his wife did loue.
For sick she was, but boy (quoth) shee,
than trudge thou for the drink:
O boy I fear that I shal sownd,
before thou come I thinck:
Out flings the Lad, by goes the wife,
and at a wyndow pryde:
Untill at length far of ful wel.
her husband had she spyde.
Alas go hide the quickly Freer
sayd she if that thou can:
For heere at hand I do not fayne,
there commeth my good man.
Here is no corner to get out
ful woe is me therefore:
Now shal we by our pastime deare
and pay for pleasures sore.
Now al the mischief wil be mine,
because I haue the heere:
Now shal my honest name be brought,
in question by a Freer.
Well now there is no other shift,
but heere the brunt to bide:
Except that in this litle cheast,
thy selfe now canst thou hide.
Now chose thou whether open blame,
or secret prison sweete:
In these extreames and hast is moste,
for present mischief meete.
The Freer to find some ready help,
was pleasd and wel apayde:
So in the cheast this great wise man.
is crept ful sore afraide.

She lokt the same, and clapt the keys,
close vnder bolstor sure:
So layd her downe vpon the bed
and did sore fits endure,
Or fayned to feele about hir brest,
sutch gripes she said she felt:
The groning of the same did make,
hir husbands heart to melt.
How now deare wife, what ayleth thee,
the simple soule sayd than:
Fie wife pluck vp a womans heart,
yea husband God knowes whan.
Quoth she if Aquauite now,
I drinke not out of hand:
I haue a stitch so sore God wot
I cannot sit nor stand.
Thou hast a bottel in the house,
I dare wel say (quod he:)
Of Aquauite lately bought,
there may no better be.
Within thy cheast, where are thy keyes,
I know not by my life:
Said she, you set more by a lock,
than you do by your wife.
Yea wus and you were sicke I should,
the Locke right sone vp breake:
That shalbe don (quoth he) you need
thereof no more to speake.
A Hatchet toke he in his hand,
and strooke it sutch a blot:
The Chāber shake, the Freer he quake,
and stonk for feare and wot.
The Cheast with Iron barres was bound
which made the good man swear:

The Freer like doctor Dolt lay still.
in dread and daunger great.
(And durst not stur for al the world,)
his corage quite was gon:
The poore man had a pig in poke,
had he lokte well thereon.
The lock was good that knew the wife
who had her husband strike:
He layd on love the freer within,
that sport did little lyke.
At length the bands began to lowse,
the wife had eye thereto:
She feard if he did strike agayne,
the locke would sure undo
Than thought she on a womans wile,
which neuer fayles at neede:
If Freer were seene than was she shamde
no, no, she toke more heede:
O hold your hande you kil my hed,
(quod she) to beere you knock:
Now am I eased, great harm it were,
to spill so goodá locke.
My stitch is gon, than let me sleepe,
and rest my self a while:
The goodman went unto his shop,
the wife began to smile.
When she had sent away the boy
al things in quiet were:
She rose and went to ease the Freer,
that lay half dead for fear.
Which resurrection who had seene,
must needes haue laught at least:
First how he lay, than how he lokte,
and trembled like a beast.

The Fryers tale

Now am I quite q^the^ sir Freer,
and yet you are not shamd
And throw a woman who you skorns,
your folly now is tamd.
This tale so endes and by the same,
you se what Freers haue byn:
And how their outward holynes
was but a cloake for sin.
Here may you se how playn porteymen
that labors for their food:
Are sone disceiu'd with suttell snakes,
of wicked serpentes brood.
Here vnder cloude of matter light
some woordes of weight may pas:
To make the lewd abhor foule lyfe,
and see themselues in glas
Heer is no tearmes to flore vp vyce,
the wryter ment not so,
For by the fopie that folly takes,
The wise may biotles goe.
The more we see the wickes plagd,
and paynted plain to syght
The more we pace the path of grace
and seeke to walke vpright.

FINIS.

THE SIEGE OF EDEN-brough Caſtell in the xv. yeere of the raygne of our Soueraigne Lady Quecne Elizabeth, at which ſeruice Sir VVilliã Drury Knight *was generall, hauing at that time vnder him,* theſe Captaynes, and Gentlemen *Followinge.* ***

¶ *The names of the Captains that had charge.*	¶ *The gentlemens names.*
Sir Francis Ruſſell.	Sir George Cary.
Captayne Read.	Sir Henry Lee.
Captayne Erington,	M. Thomas Cecile
maſter of the Ordinance,	M. Mighel Cary.
and Prouoſt Marſhal,	M. Thomas Sutton.
Captaine Pickman	M Cotton:
Captaine Yakſley	M. Kelway.
Captaine Gamme	M. Dier.
Captayne VVood.	M. Tilney.
Captaine Caſe.	VVilliam Killigrue
Captaine Sturley	

AS Cauſe fell out, and brought in matters new
(And bloudy minds ſet many a broyle a broach)
So Souldiers ſwarmd, and lowd the trompets blew.
Whoſe ſounde did ſhoe, at hand did warre approach
Than marſhal men, in coats of Iron and ſteele
With great regard, did wayt on Cannon wheele
And in the field, a noble march they made
To practiſe ſhot, and ſkowze the ruſty blade.

But

But whan the campes, ſet ſote on ſcottiſh ground
(Although the powre, and crue was very ſmall)
They ſhapte them ſelues, at Drom and Trumpet ſound
With puſh of Pyke, to giue the proud a fall
The quarel good, the force redoubleth ſtil
And bold attempt, makes way with bow and bill
It is not ſtrength, alone that wins the goale
Where corage comes, their fortune deales her doale

A wonder great, to ſee ſo ſmal a band
In forrayne ſoyle, to ſeeke for any fame
A ſeldome beere, ſutch matter tane in hand
That conqueſt gets, and ſcapeth free from blame
Beware I ſay the men whoſe minds are good
And mark the plague, of thoſe which ſucketh bloud
Gainſt thorns they kick, that runs to wilful ſpoyle
Their conſcience pyck, that giue iuſt folk a foyle

O Neroes brode, O bloudy Butchars bile
That ſtriketh down the heds that holds you vp
O wicked Snakes, O Serpents ful of wile,
That Nectar brynges, yet giues a poiſoned cup
O Syrens falſe, that ſweetely ſings a charme
That ſpoyles your ſelues, and doth your countrey harme
O people vayne, that cuts the branches downe
That ſtayes your ſtate, and ſtil maintens your crowne.

Your dealings raſh, and wretched reuels rude
With ſticks old ſore, from hiue the quiet Bees
Your graceles hands, in guiltles bloud imbrued
Was in ſutch ſort, diſdaind of al degrees

That

That needes muſt come, ſome force with mayn & might
To take vp wrongs, and ſet your ſtate aright
The cut throte knife, in ſheath could ſeldom reſt
Such miſchief lurkt, and lodgd in lawleſſe breſt

Ye neither ſparde, the highеſt bed nor kote
The chiefeſt branch, nor yet the meaneſt ſpray
Put in your rage, to riue vp al the rote
At fulleſt prime, ye ſought the readieſt way
But he that holdes, in hand the horſes rain
When ſteede bolts out, calles hayard back again
And ſo God ſent, amid your retchleſſe rage
A quenching cole, your fury to aſwage.

Two Regents ſlaine by ſedycious perſons ere this broyle begau.

Of Zeale and loue, to knit your harts in peace
And ſtop the ſtreame, that ore the banks did run
A Noble Queene, whoſe lyfe our Lord encreace
A ſtiklar was, ere greater grief begon
Put ſturdy minds, ſtode ſtifly in their care
Till feeble force, gaue roaring cannon place
Than faſt in fort, they clapt themſelues with ſpeede
And made defence, to ſaue the preſent neede.

A Caſtel ſtrong, that neuer none aſſayld
A ſtrength that ſtode, on mount and mighty rock
A peerles plot, that alwaies hath preuaild
And able was, to ſuffer any ſhock
The Enmy choſe, and ſure the ſeat was Scotch
That might harme al, and few or none could catch
And thought to be, the onely fort of fame
Moſt meete and fit, to beare a maidens name

Yea

Yea ſundry kynges, with ſleight did ſeeke her ſpoyl
And threatned oft, to throw her in the duſte
But none could boaſt, he gaue this mayd a foyle
With labour loſt, he ſerude theyr gredy luſt
And ſtill he ſtode, like Sun among the ſtarres
(Lyke pucell pure, a pearle in peace and warres)
Which would not ſure, be bought for gold nor good
Nor yet well won, without great loſſe of bloud.

This lofty ſeat, and Lantern of that Land
Like Lode ſtarre ſtode, and lokte ouer eu'ry ſtreete
Wherein there was, a ſtout ſufficient band
That furniſht were, with corage wyt and ſpreete
And wanted nought, that ſerud for their defence
Or could in fine, repulſe their enmies thence
Well ſtorde wyth ſhot, yea ſure both good and great
That might far of, at wyl the Countrey beat.

The Caſtel ſtode, ſo ſtrongly note it wel
There was no way, but one t'approch the ſame
And that ſelf thing, was ſure a ſecond hell
For ſmothryng ſmoke, for ſhot and fiery flame
It ſkowred the ſtreats, and beat the houſes downe
And kept in awe, ech lane within the towne
Ne man nor child, could ſtur in open ſight
But they were ſure, vpon ſome ſhot to lyght.

With thondryng noyes, was ſhot of roaring Meg,
And through the thickſt, ſhe thumpt ouerthwart the waies
And where ſhot light, it ſhaued of arme or leg
As though an axe, had cut downe litle ſprayes

The

The Bullets ſtill came whizzing by their cheekes
That prowld about, and lovaine daunger ſeekes
Here groned one, and there another lyes
That went to farre, or where blind Bullet flies

The liuely flock, that dare do mutch in deede
Do catch a clap, ere cauſe requyres the ſame
So ſome perhaps, for want of taking heede
Did feele the laſh, as ſtie that falles in flame
But when of force, they muſt the battrie plant
The Souldier ſhewes, he doth no corage want
Some beate the lowps, ſome ply the walles with ſhot
And ſome ſpy out, where vantage may be got.

For ſafeties ſake, of futch as lay abroade
A trenech was made, to hold the enmye ſhort
With Pouder ſtill, their pieces faſt they loade
To ſkowre the place, where Souldiers did reſort
Now might you ſee the heads flie vp in ayre
Now cleane defaſte, the goodly buildings fayre
Now ſtones fall down, and fill the empty dykes
And luſty ladds, auaunce the armed Pikes.

Now Cannons roarde, and Bullets bownſt like bawls
Now through the throng, the Tronks of Wildefier flue
Now totring Towres, kept downe with rotten wawls
Now ſome packte hence, that neuer ſaid adue
Now men were knowne, and Courage playd hys parte
Now Cowards quakte, and turſt all Souldiers arte
Now ech deuice, of death was dayly ſought
And Noble Fame, and Lyfe was dearely bought

Yet

Heere muſt you note how they within that hold
In warlik ſort, a counter battry made
And on their braues, began to be ſo bold
They thought to learn our men a fyner trade
(In vſing ſhot, and planting cannons theare)
So hoping thus, to put our camp in feare
They plyed a pace, their practize euery way
With fyron bawls, to make the Souldiers play.

And grazing ones, vpon a piece we had
They ouerthrew ſome gunners from their place
At view thereof, the enmies waxt ſo glad
Note They ſtoutely ſtode againſt vs face to face
What rule is this, (quod) than our generall ſtreight
Where are theſe lads, that ſhunks a way by ſleight
He ſcarce deſerues, to wear a Souldiers coate
That hath in deede, his duety thus forgote.

But loe the hurt, of miſchief was ſo great,
A few or none, god wot did that they ought
Hiſeing that, ſtept in a mid the heat
And in his hand, a ſmoking lyntſtock brought
And ſo gaue fier to ſhew how corage muſt
His credit ſaue, when he is put in truſt
A part well playd, a paſſing point of ſkill
That tries great minde, and blaſeth mutch good will

The Gunnars than, ſhot of a ringing peale
Of Cannons great, and did ſatch cunning ſhoe
That euery man, might ſee what loue and Zeale
And good regard, they had to country thoe

For

For in ſmal time, ſo neare they? mark they went
That ſtreight as line, in cannon mouth they lent
A ſhot of owrs, that ful twelue inches bears
Which all to tore, their peece about their eares.

That cut the combes of many a bragging Cock
That broke the gall, or gawld the horſe to ſore
That was the Keye, or knacke that pikt the lock
That made ſome muſe, that triumpht much before
Yea that was it, that marde their market quite
And dawnted had, their hearts in great deſpite
For after this, they gan to ſtep a back
And ſaw at hãd, came on their ruine and wrack.

A litle harme, doth breede a great miſtruſt
A ſimple ſtorme, makes ſome on ſeas ful ſick
A feeble puffe, of wind doth raiſe vp duſt
A litle ſalue, full ſure can touch the quick
A ſmal attempt, makes mighty matters ſhake
A ſilly ſpark, a ſodaine fier doth make
An eaſy proſe, brings hard miſhaps to pas
As this declares, where al theſe miſchiefs was

The happy ſhot, that brake their piece in twayne
Diſcrayde clean, the boldnes of our foes
When battailes ioyne, in field and open playne
Ful ſone is ſeene, where that the conqueſt goes
For vnto ſuch, that ſure and ſtoutly ſtand
Good fortune comes, in turning of a hand:
Yea when mans force, doth faint and feeble waxe
Downe weapons go, and ſtreight they turn their backs.

Ans

And set the world, a going once adue
Its much like, a streame that hath no stay
Note To late comes wit, to giue them corage nue
That feare before, hath taught to run away
What would you more, the Scots did hast them thence
Where first they stode, and sought to make defence
And closly kept, the Castell as they might
Not willyng oft, to come in open sight

Yet ere these things could well be brought to pas
With baskets big, and things to serue the turne
A crosse the streete, a trauers made there was
Whiles for a shift, wet straw and hay did burne
And for to plant, some playing pieces there
A Mount was rayso, which kept the foe in feare
The Gunners sure, their duety thoroughly did
And at that tide was no mans seruice hid

The Enmies lokte, for succour out of Fraũce
Or help at home, if matter so fell out
For diuers things, might drop to them by chaunce
That reason thought, were harde to bryng about
For hope denyes, that hap or hazard brings
Good luck is swift, as Swallow vnder wings
And though at first it coms not that we craue
At last some help, by fortune men may haue.

Their friends far of, and propps at home likewyse
Note With great affaires, sore grieued were the while
And Fraũce ye know (where bloud for vengeaunce cryes)
Had mutch a doe, for wycked Murthers vyle

A matter

A matter ſtraunge, that now I muſt ſkip oze
To wzyte at full, of things I ſpake beſoze
Thus in extreames, the Skots did ſtand within
Moze like to loſe, than yet to ſaue oz win.

Foz euery day, our men did creepe ſo neare
And bet the walles ſo flat vnto the ground
That in ſhozt time, there durſt not one apeare
To make defence, oz at the bzeach be found
Yet ſtoutly long, and with mutch manhod both
In daunger great, they ſtode I tel you troth
And kept their ſtrength, as ſafely as they might
Though all in vaine, they toyled day and night.

In euery part, they were ſo thzoughly plyde
With Souldiers ſleyghts, with ſhot and ſharpe aſſaute,
That in the end, they were ful faine to hide
Their heads from bobs, in hollow caues and vaute
Firſt did they loſe, the Spurre a place ful ſtrong
Which ſoze anoid, the towne and Souldiers long
And dziuen thence, they were in fine right glad
To keepe ſutch ſkowp, as eaſly might be had:

The Sporre vvas a ſtronge peeſe of ſtony vvorke.

A kind of ſhot, that we great bombards call
Did bez they wits, and bzought mutch feare in deede
And where that buge and mighty ſtone did fall
In weaklings bzaynes, it did great wonders bzeede
A Pzinces power, both many a pzactize ſhoe
Beyond the reach, of common peoples boe:
And whan their hearts, are daunted with deuice
Thez cozage thot, is held of litle pzyce.

And ſundry dikes, without are put in dre
When they with in, do dwell in dreadful doubts
Who is betrapt, in penfold cloſe is ſure
At neede to want, abrode both ayde and ſkoutes
And ſubiect ſtill, to mutins and reuolt
And willfull ladds, and youth as wilde as colt
In whome when topes, and ſodaine miſchief falles
They threat to fling, theyr Captains ore the walles

Though wyſe and ware, the chief and leaders be
Yet rude and rathe, the roſtyng royſters are
And whan in ſort, the bands can not agree
The Souldiers waxe, as mad as is marrish hare
Now do they Iarr, than murmor muſe and ſkowle
And fall from words, to brawles and quarels lowle
And ſhunning death, do ſeeke theyr liues to ſaue
By any meanes, and way that they may haue.

Whan ſuch broares, is rayſd and ſet a gog
There folows ſtreight, a ſtorme and ſtaw of wind
Than ſome perforce, muſt learn to leap the frog
And lyght full loe, for al theyr lofty mind
The danger dryues, ſuch diuelyſh nayles in head
That through diſpayre, mans hope is ſtriken dead
There might by chaunce, for any thyng I knew
Such byelles burſt out, among the Scotiſh crue

Our mounts were made, ſo mutch to our auayle
Our Gunnars could, diſmount what piece they would
No maruel though, their hearts within did quaile
Who did at hand, their owne decay behold

There

Their Powder kayld, theyr water waxed ſkant
Their hope is ſmal, that doth munition want
When with warme bloud, the water could is bought
Death makes diſpatch, and ſelles the Life for nought.

In ſome great neede, the Caſtell ſtode that time
When on the breatch, our ſhot and Cannons playd
And for thaſſault, we had not far to clime
Nor much to doe, when things were wiſely mayd
Saue that each wight, that led his fellowes on
Lokte all for fame, when breth and life was gon
And frankly ſwore, to die or win the ſeat
Or paſſe the pikes, by ſword and dangers great.

A free conſent of faithful Souldiers than
Among the chief was found by view of face
A ſawlt a ſawlt, cride euery forward man
The day is oures, we wil poſſeſſe the place
Or leaue our bones, and bowels in the breatch
Tys time (quoth) they, to charge and not to preach
Diſpute no more, the greateſt doubt is paſt
Lets win or loſe, ſens now the Dice are caſt

With that came in, the General ful of Joy
And thankt them all, that to the aſawt would goe
As you this day (quod he) your liues employ
In ſeruice of, our Noble Queene ye knoe
So if I lyue, my purſſe, my power and all
(To ſerue your turnes) ſhal ready be at call
Thrise happy is, that captayn ſure in deede
That hath in campe, ſutch ſouldiers at his neede

A ſhowt full ſhrill, as loud as Larum bell,
In Trench, in Tent, and Towne throughout a roes,
The Skots encloſde, that ſat like ſnayle in ſhell.
By brute of this, their fatal deſtny knoes,
And findyng bayd. theyr hope and cunnyng cleane
They thought it beſt, for life to make ſome meane
And rather yeld, (ſear ſword, the matter tride)
And ſuffer ſhame, than ſo aſſaute to bide,

Yet diuers proues: were made the breach to view,
And ſome were ſlayne, that dyd aſſayle the ſame
And when our men, thereof the ſecrets knew
And found the way, to put ech thing in frame
A band or two, with ſome of right good race
(When Drom did ſound), did forward march a pace
And fully bent, reſolued leſſe and more
To win the Fort, or loſe theyr liues therefore.

Now Noble minds, ſtept out in formoſt rank
And ſkorne to be, the laſt ſhould giue a charge
His hap was beſt, that could deſerue moſt thank,
And might by death, his countries fame enlarge
But he moſt vile, that could no valure ſhoe
And he embraſt, that to the breatch would goe
A time was come, to try who triumpht moſte
Who toke moſt payns, and who did brag and boſte.

And in effect, the Souldiers al were glad,
To make ſhort work. and ſe what hap would doe
But as I ſayd, when that our enmies had
Well waid theſe things, and pauſe vpon it to

They were content in playne and symple sort
Unto our Quene to yeld and geue the forte,
Loe here how soone, the strong becoms sul weake
And out of shape, fly cocke, and so cry creake.

THE PRAYSE Of our Souldiours.

WOuld god my pen might be your tromp of fame.
To sound the prayes, that you deserued there,
O Marshal men that seekes but noble name
Yeought of right be honord eury where
To you I speake on whom the borthenies
Of wars and both by sword and saruice ries,
Who spares no charge, nor payne in princes right
When state must stand, by stout and manly fyght

Your hartes are such, you hate at home to byde
When any bruite, or voyce of wars is hard
Ashamd in Streete, on footecloth here to ryde
When forward myndes, in feeld should be preserue
And skorning pompe, and peuish pleasures vayne
For true renown, ye trodge and toyl amayne
Where dangers dwell, and heaps af hazardes are
And harmes great, you fynd with hongry fare

You ward the day, and watch the winters night
In frost, in cold, in Sun, and heate also
You are so bent, that labor seemeth light
And in the steede, of ioy, you welcome woe

A Praise of Souldiours

For wealth you take, such Want as doth befall
Not shonning griefe, but tasting sorrows al.
More glad to die, then liue with blame or blot
Most ready still, where least is to begot

And leaste esteemd, of al the men that liues.
(Like Hackney horse, cast of when turne is serud)
Yet are you thoes, that greatest honor giues
(If world may iudge, what souldiours haue deserud)
Unto your prince, for you are pale and parke
To kepe the deere, and lanternes in the darke,
To shoe them light, that els at playn none day
Might stomble down, or sleely shrinke away

Who bides the brunt, or who bears of the bloes
But you alone, ye who doth shew his face.
In time of nede, among our forrein foes
Or boldly sayth, let me supply your place
Tosh, thats a tale was neuer hard nor seene,
That any one, to serue a King or Queene
Did striue with you, or offerd halfe so much,
For fame as they, who now these verses tutch

Wherfore step out, and bare a braunche of bayes
In sien of world, the victors suer you are,
For this I know, in right respecte of praies,
And worthy lawd, may none with you compare
You may be cald the awful marshal band
The iewels gay, and garlandes of the land
The beades of fame and blossoms of renoume
The countreis hope, and beautie of the crowne

Now

Now must you marke, I meane not hierlinges here,
Nor sommer birdes, and swallowes for the time,
That wagis takes, and sarues but once a yere
And sprouts awhyle, as flowrs do in the prime,
But those whose myndes, and noble manners shoes
In peace and warre, loe there a Souldiour goes
Dispse most cleare, of deede and woorde full iuste.
In tryalfull, a man of special trust

FINIS.

THE *WHOLE* ORder howe oure Soueraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth, was receiued into the Citty of Briſtow, and the ſpeeches ſpoken before her preſens, at her entrie, with the reſidue of verſes and matter that might not be ſpoken (for diſtance of the place) but ſent in a Booke ouer the water.

At the hie croſſe in a diſguiſed maner ſtode *Fame* very orderly ſet forth, and ſpoke as followeth, by an excellent boy.

NE fleete of foote, nor ſwift of wing
nor ſkarce the thought in breſt.
Nor yet the arrow out of Boe,
nor Wynd that ſeld doth reſt
Compares with me quick worlds reporte,
that ſome calles Flying fame
A brute of prayſe, a blaſt of pomp,
a blazar of good name,
The only lawde that kinges do ſeeke
a ioy to eache eſtate
A welcome frend that all men loues,
and none aliue doth hate
Salutes the Queene of rare renowne
whoſe goodly giftes deuine
Through Earth and Ayre with glory great
ſhal paſſe this tromp of mine,
And knowing of thy commige here,
my duty bad me goe.

Before

Before into this preſent place,
the nues therof to ſhoe.
No ſooner was pronounſt the name
but Babes in ſtreate can leap:
The youth, the age, the rich, the poore,
came running all on heap
And clapping hands, cryed mainly out,
O bleſſed be the owre,
Our Queene is comming to the towne
with princely trayn and power,
Than colors caſt they ore the wals
and deckt old houſes gay:
Out flu the bags about affairs,
that long a boording lay
Aſyde they ſet their townish traſh,
and workes of gredy gaine.
And turnd their toils to ſport and mirth
and warlike paſtimes playne
As ſhalbe ſeene to morne in field,
if that your highnes pleas,
Where duty hath deuiſde by art,
a ſhoe on land and ſeas.
To vtter matter yet vnknowen,
that ſhal explained be:
But ſuch dum ſights and ſhows of war,
as thear your grace ſhal ſee,
Thus ſubiectes meane to honor Prince
whoſe ſight they haue enioyd
Moſt glad bit is their hap to haue
their ſeruice ſo employd.

Than FAME flang vp a great Garland
to the reioycing of the beholders

The order of the Queenes

At the next Gate and neare her highnes lodginge stood iii. other boyes, called *Salutation*, *Gratulation* and *Obedient good will*, and iii. of these boyes spake as followeth, and al the three drue their swoords, when it was named, the whole state is redye to defend (against all dissentions) a pesable Prince.

Salutation, the first boy.

All hayle, O plant of Grace.
and special sproute of fame:
Most welcom to this Westerne Coast,
O Perle and Princely dame.
As loe a custome is,
where humble Subiectes dwels:
When Prince approcheth near their bewe,
for ioy to ryng their bels.
So al that beareth lyke,
in Bristow now this Day:
Salutes thee Queene from depth of Brest,
with welcom euery way.
And we poore seely boyes,
that came from scole of late:
Reioyce, and clappe our handes withall,
as members of thy state.
Our duties here do shoe,
and furthermore in deede:
There is a cause wherfore we say,
thy helping hand wee nede.
Here is O mighty Queene,
in way of mirth and sporte:
A matter moud twene peace and warre:
and therfore built a Fort:

Dissenshon

Diſſenſhon breedes the brawll,
and that is Pomp, and Pryde:
The Fort on law and order ſtandes,
and ſtil in peace would byde
The warr is wicked worldes,
as by his fruit is ſeene,
The Fortreſſe repreſenteth peace,
and take thy part O Queene
It ſemes the gods haue ſent
in this great quarel now:
A noble Iudge that ſhal with ſpeede,
decied the matter throw,

Gratulation, the ſecond Boye.

YEa ſure this is a ſygne,
that all the gods aboue:
Takes part with vs and freelye here,
both men and children loue.
I ſuch a sharpe conflict,
to ſend ſo ſure a ſtay:
That ſhall surceaſe Bellonas brags,
and end our fearful fray.
A ſottle ſnake of late,
with ſopple fugred wordes:
Hath ſlelye crept in breſtes of men,
and drawn out naked ſwordes.
And with his wrangling tales,
hath ſtird vp ſtrife enoughe:
And drawn the Marchant from his Trade,
and plowman from the ploughe.
Diſcention is his name,
that ſuch diſcention breedes

Who still with drosse and foemish dregs
[illegible] peoples hart[illegible] freedes:
And makes them mortal like,
and sway somtymes alyde:
With wicked wars and wilful brawles
that should with peace abyde.
But yet O peerles Prince
a true and loial flocke:
Against the prowd presumtuous mynds
are bent to stand the shock.
And sweare by sacred gods,
not one within this soyle:
But ready are with losse of life,
to geue thy foes a foyle
For proofe the feeble youth
and Babes of tender age
Dare draw their swords in this attempt
to curb discorders rage
Sens Englandes hope is com,
to paise these thinges in brest
We dare not stay her longer here
whose trauel craueth rest

¶ *Obedient good will*, the third boy who could not speake time was so far spent.

YEt if the Prince wold stay, or if mē might make choice
Of one no bigger thē my self, to speak in cities voice:
I wold declare in dede, what depe despyte they haue, (saue
To spēd thir goods, their lāds & lin's, her state in peace to
But since the time is short and Prince to lodging goes,
I say god bles our Queen ẏ giue, ẏ whit & fair red Rose

After

¶After theſe ſpeaches were ended. iij. hundreth Souldiers wel appoynted, wayted on her highnes to her lodging and there ſhee beyng ſetled, they ſhot of their peeces in paſſing good order, at which warnyng the great Artillery went of, a hundred and .xxx. caſt peeces, and ſo the VVatch charged, and a hundreth ſhot appoynted for her Gard, her highnes reſted that night, where ſhe lay all the ſeaſon in ſir Iohn Yongs houſe.

¶ *A Forte was made beyonde the water in a Grounde fit for that purpoſe, and to the ſame as a Fryend (. called* Feeble Pollicye) *ioyned a little Baſtillyon, buylded on a Hill, which was not ſtrong by reaſon of the vveake Mayntenaunce belonging there vnto, to the which piell the Souldiers of the main fort did repayre, nowe muſte bee vnderſtoode that diſſention paſſing betwene warres and Peace (warres beyng placed in ſight) had certayne Speeches as followes, which ſpeeches could not bee ſayd in the hearing of the Prince, wherefore they were put into a Booke, and preſented as hereafter you ſhal know.*

Diſſention to the City to moue them to armes, hath his ſpeeches as theſe things were don in action.

¶The Sonday next the Queene went to the Colledge, to here a Sermond, where there was a ſpeech to be ſayd & an Imme to be ſong, the ſpeach was lefte out by an occaſion vnloked for, but the Imme was ſong by a very fine boy.

The Speech at the Colledge.

You

The order of the Queenes

YOu Subiects that desired to see,
this gladsome precious Ieam:
Behold to beere the onely Ioye,
and Iewell of the Ream.
A Prince in deede of princely minde,
that Princes loues and fears:
Whose passing head, yea all the states,
of chrysten Princes bears.
And throughly sees and lokes into,
as though a man might say:
Heere is the touchstone for the Gold,
the Piller, prop, and stay.
Of euery region far or neare,
that to vs Neighbours are:
How mutch is this poore Colledge bound,
in naked buildings bare.
For to receiue so brygbt a Star,
as clouds can skarce contayn:
Who for to see so smal a Sel,
hath taken so great payn.
The Pipes and Organs of our hearts,
shall yeld thee thank therefore:
By sound of Psalme, & solempne Ammes,
yea could poore Priests do more.
The Musicke that thy Chapel makes,
should be so sweete and shrill.
Might lull a slepe the Muses al,
and shake Pernassus hill.

The Songe.

O happy houre of his blis,
O Colledge thou dost se:
The shadow gone, the substance come,
nay Sun doth shine on thee.

Away

Away you boſum Snakes,
that ſowes diſſention heere:
Go make your neaſts, where Serpents breede
this ſoyle and coaſt is cleare.
Enchant no man with charmes,
ye ſhall receiue check mate:
If that you play with paltring pawns,
before ſo great a ſtate,
She hateth Hidras heds,
and loues the harmeles mind
A foe to vice, a frend to grace,
and bent thereto by kind
Which grace and gracious God,
now guide her where she goes:
With treble grace through troublous time:
to tread on all her foes

¶ A Skafold the next day was ſet vp full ouer agaynſt the Forte, and the Prynce beynge placed, the Speeches ſhould haue bin ſpoken for the better vnderſtanding of the deuiſed triumph, ſo you muſt heere the ſpeeches or els ſhal you be ignorant of the whole matter.

Diſſention to peace (which was the mayn Fort) ſpeaketh in a fury theſe words that follow.

O People vaine, that ſpends in peace your daies
To prowle about for pence and pieuiſh pelf
And makes no count of Fame and publike prayes
So each man liues, like Prince within hymſelf.

And

And so posses, the pleasures on this mould,
The Iewels braue, the gay and glittring gold,
You care not what, great glory elders won
Nor who at first, the worthy warres begon.

You sleepe and snort, in sweete perfumed sheetes,
And bug your heads, in barbour warme and gay,
Whereby in deede, ye haue such beauy spreetes,
You can not se, the goodly sunny day,
No though the clouds, the Sun, the Mone and all
Were ready now, vpon your heads to fall,
You would not, moue, nor seeke your selues to saue
On drolle and dong, such deepe desires you haue.

You heere not how, the ennies at your noes,
Are vp in armes, and calles you cowards stil
You care noe mutch, abrode how matters goes
Whan that at home, ye want no wealth nor will
Clap corage on, and cast long gowns aside
Pluck vp your hearts, and fling down pomp and pryde
Make Idle hands, and heads in holes that lurke
For worthy lawd, come forth and learn to worke.

A corslet fine, is worth ten skarlet gownes
A blast of fame, surmounts all things you wear
Call lusty Lads, to spend your spared crowns
The warres approch, tis time the bopes were thear
If you abyde, at home til Caunons roare
The playster coms, to late to saiue the sore
Break downe the banks, that bolds the water in
First strike thy foe, and so the brawle begin.

Put

Put fyre to ſtraw, and make the Fornayes hot:
And bid them cry, that burnes their fingers firſt
Yea caſt on wood, to broile the browes pot
And let them ſtarue, that wants to coole their thirſt:
When world is wilde, and all is ſet a gog,
A mans a man, and then a dogs a dogg:
Aduiſe you now my dwelling is not here
I muſt packe hence, another ſtern to ſteere.

¶ Now diſſention went to the wars, whiche was ſet out in open vew (with al orders of marſhal maner) and ſpake as followeth.

GIue eare good mates, and marke ful wel
the tidings that I bringe:
For I wil be a larum bell,
that in your ears ſhal ringe.
A peſtlens peale of rumor ſtrange,
that flies throu many a land:
The playne report wherof remaynes,
in mee diſſenſions hand.
If I keepe cloſſe that I do knoe
and ſtore no clapper now
The bargaboz, the bill, and boe,
wil ſearch your corage throw,
Truſt this for troeth, that peace is bent,
to trus vp ſouldiers all:
Welth wil no wars, peace is ſo prowd,
the people fears no fall,
They brag and boaſt their treaſure can
torne each thing how they liſt:
For euery ſtate is won by welth,
as hawke ſtoups downe to liſt.

A mas of Gold wil purchase peace,
and make wild wantons tame:
If wars were wod and wared mad
and hot as fiery flame:
Peace rules the earth, & wrings theyr
that raging reuel makes: (thombs
Yea play what game ye list they say,
that peace doth swepe the stakes:
Peace is the prince that gouerns all,
and sayth a fig for war:
Yea peace wil put you al in pound,
and make you stand at bar
Peace calles you roges, and swashing
that stand vpon your braues: (oicks
A swarme of wasps, a flock of wolues,
a neast of theeues and knaues
That liues by spoile & murthers vile,
and triumphs stil in bloud.
And haue suttly hot and gready minds
you thirst for neighbors good.
The Trompets loud that slaughter
& drums w rombling noyes (sounds
Was neuer made for men of peace,
but rather fit for boyes.
They say whose childhod likes fond
& loues such trifling toyes: (brutes
Vntil you ỳ kingdoms conquerd haue,
be now subdued by peace
Shal seuil swains to lothsome gaile,
lead men like dogs in leace.
Shal pinyth peace and people weak,
orecome the Souldiour stout:
Shal loytrars lewd like rebels rayle,
and manhod ware a lout.

Ah fie for ſhame ſet hand on ſword,
in your behalf I blush
Bid Trumpet ſound auance the pike,
and giue proud peace a push.

¶ *On thoſe woordes was VVarres in ſutch a ſturre that you might ſee the Field all ouer ſpred with Souldiours, and ſo they marched downe a Hyll and made a goodly ſhowe full agaynſt the little Forte (cald* Feeblepollicye*) and repulſing in all the Souldiours of the ſame wan it with great fury, and ſo raiſed it and ouerthrewe it downe to the earth.*

¶ The mayn Fort in the meane while did ſend ſutch ſuccour as they might, but preuailing not, they were in like ſort driuen back, and their Fort beſyeged, and mutch adoe about the ſame, whych droue out that day, and than by Torchligt the Prince from her Skaffold, went to her lodgyng, and in the meane ſeaſon ſome fier workes were ſeene, & ſo watch was charged.

¶ *The ſecond day was there made a new approch to the mayne Fort, for a better order of warre and to the ayde of the Fort, came diuers Gentlemen of good callyng from the Courte, which made the ſhoe very gallant, and ſet out the matter mutch.*

¶ Now ſerued the tide and vp the water from Kyngrode came three braue Galleys, chaſing a ſhip that came with vittayls to the Fort, the Fort ſeeing that their exſtremity within was greate, ſent a Gentle-

The order of the Queenes

man to the Prince for aide, who brought her a Booke couered vvith greene Veluet, which vttred the whole ſubſtance of this deuice, the Gentleman had a ſpeeche of his owne making, as follows, after he had ſwam ouer the water in ſome daunger Clothes and all, hee ſpake his part to the Prince.

M. Iohn Robarts of the Temple.

E'Scapte from waltring waues,
from ſwoꝛd and fier, & enmies ſleight:
From ſtoꝛmes and ſturdy ſtawes,
from roaring ſhot and fearfull fight,
I come to quiet land,
where noble Pꝛince doth paſtims biew:
And bꝛing a booke in hand,
of all the ſhewes, and matter trew,
That muſt by pꝛactize pas,
beſoꝛe pour highnes as it falles:
And ſurely ſent I was,
by thoſe that kepes pour warlik walles
To craue pour curteous ayde,
in their defence that peace deſires:
Whoſe ſtate is made afrayd,
by falſe diſſentions kindled fiers.
As pour poꝛe people haue,
thꝛough peace poſſeſt great gain & good:
So ſtil ſutch peace they craue,
as may auoyd the loſſe of bloud.
As heere I came amayn,
ſo haue I pꝛomiſd if I may
Foꝛ to returne again,
thꝛough ſalt ſea ſome the ſame ſelf way.

So

So he departed, and all this while the buſines was gret about the fort (which hazerded the gẽtlemans life) and in a wonders brapery the broill continued, with a ſhoe and fight on Land and Sea, till the very night approched, at which time the Prĩce parted & ſtode marualouſly wel contented with that ſhe had ſeene

¶Now muſt you conceiue that warres (with blodſheds, mizeryes and other horliborlees, wax a weary & that neither the Fort, nor the wickednes of ỹ world (which wars repreſẽted), was deſirous of furher trobles but rather glad to haue the matter taken vp in any reaſonable conditions, for the which purpoſe was deuiſed, that *Perſwaſion* ſhould go and tell his tale, and vnfold what follies and conflictes riſes on ciuil broyles and what quietnes comes by a mutual loue and agrement. This perſwaſion had a ſpeeche, as hereafter follows.

Perſwaſion to the Citty.

called the main Fort.

NO greefe ſo great, nor ſore ſo much
but fyndes at length ſome reſt:
As warres begins by wrath of God,
ſo peace is counted bleſt,
Yet warrs is ſure, a needefull thing
for mans offence a ſcorge,
A Salue to heale the ſinful Soule,
and for the ſtate a Purge:
That ſhowes the body of the realme,
and kyngdomes all through out:
And leaues vnſercht no member ſure,
that walkes this world about,

Wear not the woe that warres doth bryng,
sweete peace should seeme full sower
The Netels sharp and wicked weedes,
sets forth a pleasant flower.
By sickncs pangs we iudge what health,
and quiet rest is worth
And out of payne is pleasure found,
as Gold from dros comes forth.
The harmes, the haps, and cruell claps,
that warres and Cannon bryngs:
Makes Princes seeke the feare of God
and subiects know their kings
Though peace in deede despiseth warres,
as plainnesse falshed hates:
Yet warlik people are embrasse,
and like of all estates.
The knife that cuts the finger sore,
in sheath about is borne:
The sword that takes away the life,
makes peace where it is worn.
The axe that heaweth downe the tree,
is needefull for mans life:
Thus proue I as mans help or harmes.
remains in sword and knife?
So warres where they are vsed well,
keepes world in feare and awe:
Note And shoes more terror by his rage
than al your rules of law.
Sens Cayn slue Abell warres hath bin.
twene brethren as we reede
And souldiers hath bin waged well,
as world of warres stode neede:
Then snar not for the same they snatch,
aforrall to here their brute.

Wher

When bryples haue ſown ill ſeedes of care,
peace reapes from warres good frute.
And learns a leſſon worthy Gold
which Peace holds deare of pryce:
And makes thereof a mirrour bright
to view and lift out vice.
The battaile ends where conqueſt comes,
and when great charge is ſpent:
For peace the poſt with Pakket goes,
Embaſſars elſe are ſent.
To knit the knot and make a League,
thus all the brawles that be
Do bend to peace, and Wiſdoms boe,
how ere ſoles bolts do flee.
Wherefore agree with warres in haſt,
you ſee what quarels are:
And how that Warres bryngs woe & waſt
and leaues a kyngdome bare.
The people fpoyld, the houſes burnt,
the friends and neighbour ſtayne:
The guiltles plagued & ethe man wrongd
where rage and war doth rayn.

The Cities anſwer to perſuaſion.

DIſſention firſt that cald to minde,
our old forefathers fame:
(And ript out ſeames of patched pryſes
ſcarce worthy the note or name:)
Brought Peace and War in this bryore,
our rules ſutch brawls tenics,
Our trade doth ſtand on Stuill ſtile,
and there our glory lies.

And not on strike, the ruin of states,
a stormе that all destroyes
A beauy bondage to each hart,
that freedomes fruit enioyes
Our orders makes the roister meeke,
and pluckes the prowd on knees
The stiffe and stubborne knee the yoke,
and rootes vp rotten trees,
That may infect a fruteful feeld,
what can be swete or sound
But in that soil where for offence
is due correction found
We make the ciuil lawes to shyne
and by example mild.
Reforme the rude, rebuke the bolde,
and tame the country wilde
We venter goods and liues ye knoe,
and trauaile Seas and land,
To bring by trafficke heaps of welth,
and treasure to your hand
We are a stay and storehouse both
to kyngdomes farre and neere
A cause of plenty through foresight,
when things ware scarce and deare:
And though our ioy, be most in peace,
and peace we do mainteine.
Whereon to prince & realme throughout,
doth rise great wealth and gayne:
Yet haue we souldiers as you see,
that stoers but when we please
And serues our turnes in houshold things,
and sits in shop at ease.
And yet dare blade it with the best,
when cause of countrey comes

And cals out courage to the fight,
by ſound of warlike Drums.
We Marchaunts keepe a meane betwixt,
with any tarrying part:
And bring both Treble and the Baſſe,
in order ſtill by art.
A Souldiour ſhalbe liked wel,
if his deſertes be ſutch:
A noble minde for noble acts,
ſhall ſure be honored mutch.
But if men glory all in warres,
and peace diſdayns in deede:
We ſcorne with any Strope ſweete,
their humor ſowre to feede:
And bleſt be God we haue a Prynce
by whome our peace is kept:
And vnder whome this City long,
and land hath ſately ſlept.
From whom likewiſe a thouſand gifts,
of grace enioy we do.
And ſeele from God in this her raigne
ten thouſand bleſſings to.
Behold but how al ſecrets fine,
of falſhed comes to light:
In theſe her dayes, and God takes part
with her in troth and right.
And mark how mad Diſſention thriues
that would ſet warres a broch:
Whn ſets to ſale poore peoples lyues,
and gets but vile reproch:
And endles ſhame for al their ſleights:
O England lop with vs:
And kis the ſteps where ſhe doth tread,
that keepes hir countrey thus.

In

The order of the Queenes

In peace and reſt, and perfect ſtay,
wherefore the God of peace:
In peace by peace our peace preſarue,
and her long life encreace.

¶ This was to be don and put in exerciſe before the Quene cam to the knytting vp of the matter but perſwaſion beynge diſmiſt, the battry was planted before the FORT, & they within ſo ſtraitly encloſed, that they muſt needes abyde the mercy of the Sword and Cannon.

At whych inſtant, in the after none that preſent day the Prince was in her Skaffolde to beholde the Succeſſe of theſe offers of Warre, and ſo went the Battry of and the aſſault vvas giuen in as match order as might bee, the Enemy was three times repulſed, and beholdynge newe ſuccours commyng from the Courte to the Fortes greate Comfort, the Enemy agreed on a parley wherein was rehearſed that the cortain was beaten downe, and the Forte made ſawtable, and yet the Ennemy to ſaue the Lyues of good Cityſens and Souldiours thereof, would giue them leaue to departe with bag and bagage, as order of warres requyred. To the which the Fort made aunſwere, that the Corttaynes nor Bulwarks was not their defence, but the corrage of good people, & the Force of a mighty Prynce (who ſate and behelde all theſe doynges) was the thyng they truſted to, on whych aunſwer the enemy retyred, and ſo conditions of peace were drawne and agreed of, at which peace both the ſides ſhot of their Artillerye, in ſigne of a Triumphe, and ſo cryinge GOD ſaue the Queene, theſe Triumphes and warlike paſtimes finiſhed, the Prynce lykynge the handlynge of theſe cauſes very well, ſent two huudreth crownes to make the Souldiers

a ban-

a banket. Now here is to be conſidered that the Prince vvent into the Gallees and ſo downe to Kyngrode ere theſe things were brought to an end.

At her highnes departure a Gentleman in the conſiens of the Townes liberties ſpeak this ſpeech that followes.

The dolfull a Due.

OUr Ioy is ioynd with greeuous grones,
Our triumph turnd to teares:
The branch whoſe bloſoms gladnes brought,
a bitter berry beares.
In houſe and ſtreete where mirth was hard,
is mone and mourning noies:
The ſommer day is dimd with clouds,
eclypſed are our ioyes.
The lodeſtar leaues our wiſhed cowrs,
and clymes the heauens hie:
Our ſuffrant wil no longer lord,
in walles of Briſtow lye.
No maruel ſins our barrain ſoyle,
and ground of grees deuice:
Hath yelded no thing that might pleaſe,
a Prince of ſo great pryce,
Our duties are not half diſchard,
no though we kiſt the ground:
And proſtrate fall full flat on face,
where her fote ſteps are found.
The Perſians dare not caſt vp eyes,
nor loke vpon their king:

Shal

Shall Christians then presume to preace,
on such a sacred thing.
And show no part of duties bounden,
O God forbid I say:
But that the lordes annoynted should,
be honord euery way.
Long lost this Citty for a prince,
long synce and many a yeer
A King or Queene beheld this towne,
short time she taries here.
Good fortune follow thee O Queene,
God gide thy doinges all:
A world of threefold blessed hap,
upon thy kingdome fall
As loth to take our beauy leaue,
as leaue our lines indeede:
Adue dere Lady of this land,
the liuing Lord thee speede.

[Some of these Speeches cold not be spoken by meanes of a Scholmaister, who enuied that any straunger should set forth these Shoes.

FINIS.


INCHES
1
2
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4